*WALKER'S*

# HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

## Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR JUNE, 1808.

### *A Biographical Sketch of THOMAS GOODALL, Esq. Commandant of the Haytian Flotilla. (With a Portrait.)*

——————For Britain's chief,
It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd
To distant nations through the pathless main;
To sing, unquell'd, amid the dashing wave;
To laugh at danger——————
The heart of courage and the hand of toil.
THOMSON'S *Liberty*.

AMONG those bold and ardent spirits whose valour and enterprize do the highest honour to British seamanship, we do not hesitate to rank the hero of the following memoirs; and we can only regret, that our materials should be, in many parts, so disproportionate as they are to the wish that we have to do justice to our subject.

Mr. GOODALL was born at Bristol in the year 1767, and received a classical education under the rev. mr. Thomas; being designed by his father for the profession of the law.

In his thirteenth year, as we have been told, he was, on some account, ordered to remain, during a vacation, at school, and whether it was the effect of a sudden fit of caprice, or the result of previous deliberation, it is not in our power to say; but certain it is, that he took his departure, unknown to any person, and went to sea in a letter of marque bound to the West Indies.

In this ship, and as it were, in his very infancy, his career of adventure commenced; for on the passage she engaged and beat off a large French corvette, and was afterwards wrecked off the island of St. Kitt's, in the memorable hurricane of 1780.

At this early period, and in a distant country, he found in the person of mr. Claxton (now, we believe, resident at Bristol,) a friend who had long known his father, and who had kindly took charge of the youth, till an uncle at Montserrat, mr. Symons, the present venerable president and collector, sent for him.

It was now that he resolved to embark in more honourable and active service, by entering his majesty's navy as midshipman in the Triton frigate; in which ship he remained in the West Indies during the active command of admiral Rodney, and served on board her in the glorious engagement with count De Grasse, on the 12th of April, 1782.

After the termination of the war,

young Goodall, like many others wanting intereſt, was obliged to return to the merchant ſervice. As, however, his deſire of general knowledge increaſed with his growth, he reſolved to prefer ſuch ſhips as ſhould be bound to countries which he had not ſeen, or that had not been accurately deſcribed. He accordingly ſoon found a veſſel bound for Turkey. In the voyage nothing worthy of notice occurred. He afterwards traverſed various parts of Aſia Minor, which a claſſical education had taught him to reſpect, and encouraged him to viſit; and on his return entered on board another ſhip bound to China.

It was, we believe, about the year 1787 that he ſaw, in the Bath theatre, miſs Stanton, a young actreſs of great merit, and in whoſe favour he ſoon felt an intereſt, which by degrees ripened into an ardent paſſion. The difficulty, however, of gaining an introduction to the lady was not, in his mind, eaſily to be overcome. But love, as the ſaying is, will find or make a way; and a thought occurred to him, that by entering the ranks as a dramatic writer, he might introduce himſelf. Accordingly, after dedicating about a month to his new profeſſion, he had completed a comedy in two acts, which he called '*The Counterplot.*' With this he waited on the lady, requeſting her to favour him with her opinion of its merits; and making her an offer of it (in caſe it was honoured with her approbation) for her next benefit.* As we are not writing a novel, we ſhall paſs over the uſual routine of courtſhip, and content ourſelves with ſaying, that in about twelve months miſs Stanton beſtowed her hand in marriage, and became mrs. Goodall.

Not long after this, the Spaniſh armament taking place, in conſequence of the diſpute about Nootka Sound, mr. Goodall ſerved on board the *Neſſ*, captain (now ſir Alexander) Ball, as acting lieutenant. That buſineſs, however, having been amicably arranged between the two governments, captain Ball was, by the intereſt of lord Hood, appointed to the Queen Charlotte yacht, then commanded by ſir Hyde Parker. A life of inactivity, like this, being very unſuitable to the ardent ſpirit of our hero, he obtained the command of a merchant ſhip in the Weſt India trade; but while on his voyage out, the war with France commenced; and on his paſſage home, ignorant of this circumſtance, he was captured by a large French privateer, and carried into l'Orient.

By a peculiar kind of ſympathy, which cannot well be accounted for, he was fortunate enough to obtain the confidence of his captor, who, by the bye, was a loyaliſt, and who reſolved that he ſhould neither be the victim of Robeſpierre, nor endure the ſeverities of a gaol. During the few days that he remained at l'Orient, captain Goodall learned that two Engliſh officers, who had been taken on their paſſage from Gibraltar, had been cloſely confined in a priſon within the arſenal. With true brotherly affection, and a patriotic energy which was only encreaſed by the danger of the undertaking, he, at once, determined to viſit thoſe gentlemen, though evidently at the riſk of his life. After much contrivance, and with great difficulty, he accompliſhed his benevolent purpoſe: he entered their dungeon, and, after ſome intereſting converſation, left them, charged with letters to their families and friends. At this very moment the arſenal was diſcovered to be on fire; and it was with infinite hazard that he got out; for the artillery was playing on the ſtore-houſes, and the whole of the troops were employed at the gates. His friend, however, did not deſert him; but, determined that he ſhould riſk no more

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NOTE.

* Query—Was this drama ever printed?

ſuch hair-breadth eſcapes, he ſoon after put himſelf on board a Dutchman that had been carrying ſhip-timber to l'Orient, and by whoſe means captain Goodall reached his native land.

The information which he was enabled to afford our government being conſidered as very ſerviceable, he was immediately appointed to the *Diadem*, captain Sutherland, and was to proceed in her to Gibraltar, there to join his majeſty's ſhip *Victory*, bearing the flag of lord Hood, commander in chief on the Mediterranean ſtation.—We find captain Goodall, however, not long after this, in the command of a letter of marque; in which he continued till the peace 1802; during which time he is generally ſaid to have made more voyages, fought more actions, and captured more prizes, than ever before were effected in the ſame time by any private ſhip.

When the war recommenced, captain Goodall fitted out, in a few days, a ſmall privateer, of ten guns and forty men, called the *Catherine and Mary*, in which he took ſome valuable prizes. On the 25th of July, 1803, he fell in with *La Caroline* French privateer, of double his force, and engaged with her in two ſeveral actions. In the firſt, which laſted twenty five minutes, he beat off the French veſſel, and captured two Weſt Indiamen, her prizes, but on the action being renewed to cover the prizes, captain Goodall, to his great mortification, was compelled to ſtrike his flag *for want of ſhot*: on which the French captain took poſſeſſion of his veſſel, and alſo of the two prizes.—Our hero and his brave crew were extremely well treated on board the French privateer, from which they were landed at l'Orient on the 5th of Auguſt.

The commiſſary here behaved to them in the moſt inhuman manner; immediately after having been landed, they were marched towards Rennes, with 48 other Engliſhmen. They were ſix days on the route; during two of which they had no allowance of proviſions whatever; and on the other days had only bread and water, the former ſour, and very ſcantily ſupplied.

On their arrival at Rennes, they were all put into the common gaol, where they remained for four days without any other allowance than bread and water, although the common fellons in the ſame priſon were ſupplied with beef and ſoup. Being now ordered toward the frontiers, they commenced their march on the 14th of Auguſt; and a very ſpirited remonſtrance from captain Goodall to general Laborde, the commander of the diſtrict, procured them an allowance of ſeven ſous per day for each man, and one pound and a half of bread, till their arrival on the 31ſt of Auguſt, at Melun, near Paris, where they were again impriſoned, and the ſeven ſous were reduced to three and a half per day; they were alſo extremely diſtreſſed for ſhoes; but only twenty pair were given among the whole number.

On the ſmall pittance that we have mentioned they exiſted (we cannot call it living) in priſon, and likewiſe on their next march, which took place a few days afterwards. On the 13th of September they arrived at Eſpinal; where they found about 250 of their countrymen; among whom was the gallant captain Brenton, of the *Minerva* frigate, taken at Cherbourg. The ſeamen were lodged in priſon on a nominal allowance of one pound and a half of bread and three ſous per day; but the latter were paid to the captain of the priſon, or the commiſſary, who indeed gave the men black and ſour bread, frequently deficient in weight; but inſtead of the three ſous, they were ſerved with four ounces of beef made into ſoup by French cooks, which

when

when dreſſed, did not exceed two ounces; and they had nothing but ſtraw to lie on. So bad, yet ſo ſcanty, indeed, was the allowance of food, that captain Goodall, in an affidavit which he had afterwards occaſion to make, declared, that he 'verily believed, had it not been for the aſſiſtance afforded by captain Brenton and his officers, many of the men would have been ſtarved.' Thoſe benevolent gentlemen allowed, out of their own private purſes, a regular ſtipend per week to the crew of the *Minerva*, to ſupply the wants of nature; and captain Goodall did the ſame by the crew of the privateer. He remained at Etpinal from the 13th of September until the end of that month, without being able to obtain from the French government a ſous of ſubſiſtence money for himſelf. Conceiving it, therefore, no breach of faith to quit a place where he muſt inevitably have ſtarved had he not fortunately received ſome remittances from England, he propoſed a plan of eſcape to mr. Henry James Palmer, lately 4th officer on board his privateer, and who conſented to be the partner of his fate.

*(To be continued.)*

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*On the Manners of the French.*

*WE* are perpetually told of the ſtriking difference which ſubſiſts between the manners of the Engliſh and the French; and it is pretty generally believed that we have for centuries been little better than barbarians when compared to our neighbours. But, perhaps, if we conſider a little more carefully, we ſhall find that their good breeding, though more univerſal in its application, is not ſo ſubſtantial as ours. All the good manners which they have they ſhew upon all occaſions, juſt as they carry their whole fortunes in their clothes: but if a heavy draught be made either upon their politeneſs or their purſe, they ſeldom have a fund to anſwer it. The following anecdote of mademoiſelle de Gournay, the adopted daughter of the celebrated Montaigne, will ſerve to ſhew how little of that ſelf-command, which is the real foundation of all good breeding, was required in a fine lady, though ſhe poſſeſſed the reputation of faſhion, and the acquaintance of ſuch men as Heinſius, Balſac, Perron, Bentivoglio, and Richelieu.

When Montaigne was dead, his adopted daughter turned that admiration which was now diſengaged, upon the marquis de Racan, with whom ſhe yet was acquainted only by his works. Having a great deſire of perſonally knowing a poet who had ſo much merit of his own, and ſo much candour in praiſing that of other people, ſhe neglected no means of procuring him to pay her a viſit. The day and the hour were fixed for this call, and two friends of the poet who had been informed of the appointment, ſeized this opportunity for affording themſelves a little ſport. One of theſe gentlemen knocked at her door an hour or two before the appointed time, and ſent up the name of m. De Racan. Mademoiſelle de Gournay received him in the warmeſt manner; he talked of the works which ſhe had publiſhed, and which he had been ſtudying in order the better to pay his court to her. He ſtaid about a quarter of an hour, and left the lady to congratulate herſelf on having converſed with Racan. He was ſcarcely gone, when the ſervant again entered, announcing m. De Racan. She ſuppoſed her gueſt was coming up ſtairs again to ſay ſomething that he had forgotten, and ſhe was preparing to pay him ſome compliment on the occaſion, when the ſecond wag entered, and paid his own.

She could not help aſking him ſeveral times if he were really the marquis, and related to him what had juſt paſſed. The pretended Racan affected

affected to be exceſſively diſpleaſed with the trick, and vowed vengeance. However, mademoiſelle de Gournay was better pleaſed with him than with the former, becauſe he praiſed her much more: ſo ſhe ſoon believed him to be the real Racan, and conſidered the preceding viſitor as an impoſtor. As this ſecond wit went out of the houſe, the real Racan arrived and ſent up his name. 'What,' cried ſhe, quite out of patience, 'more Racans!' However, in came the poet; and mademoiſelle, in a very angry tone, enquired whether he were come to inſult her. Racan, who at beſt, was not fluent in dialogue, and who on this occaſion expected quite a different reception, was ſo much confuſed that he could do nothing but ſtammer. Mademoiſelle loſing all decorum, declared ſhe was ſure he was a fellow ſent to make a jeſt of her; and taking off her ſlipper, ſhe ſo belaboured his pate with the heel of it, that he was compelled to ſave himſelf by flight!

Menage, who relates this ſtory, ſays that Bois-Robert uſed to tell it every where, and that he ſometimes amuſed a company with it even in the preſence of Racan; and when any body appealed to the poor poet for the authenticity of the tale, he would ſay, '*Why, there is ſome truth in it!*'

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## *On Friendſhip.*

*AMONG* opulent nations, friendſhip is very rare. The heart remains empty while the mind is filled with caprices, jealouſy, ambition, and love of pleaſure. In nations in which a happy mediocrity has been allotted it is more common. Strangers alike to penury and abundance, they witneſs not the falſe enjoyments of the rich, and conſequently theſe cannot excite envy; the mind is more tranquil and the heart better employed. The ſavage poſſeſſes no ſenſibility except for his wants; he has none left for friendſhip.

This ſentiment is nevertheleſs found among the natives of the Kurile iſlands. Perhaps, from their ſituation they have an intercourſe with nations who are unacquainted with the poiſon of luxury, and do not feel the preſſure of want. The meeting of two friends there, after a long abſence, is a ſpectacle not leſs ſingular than affecting. As ſoon as the Kurile hears that his friend has landed with his canoe, he goes to meet him with a ſolemn pace, and in military attire. The two friends advance towards each other, forming a kind of dance; they bend their bows, but in a moment, throwing away their arms, they fall upon each other's necks, and ſhed tears of tenderneſs and joy.

The ſtranger is then led by the other into his hut; he makes him ſit down, treats him in the beſt manner he is able, deems it a duty to attend perſonally upon him, eagerly queſtions him about all that has befallen him ever ſince their ſeparation, and liſtens as attentively to his tale. As a mark of reſpect, he ſtands in his preſence, and his whole family devours the words of the ſtranger. He often ſpeaks for whole hours, and enters into the minuteſt details of his adventures in hunting and fiſhing, his diſappointments and pleaſures. Nobody interrupts him, or gives him reaſon to think that he is too prolix. In no face does he diſcover a trace of *ennui*, but only the intereſt which his adventures excite. When he has concluded his narration, the oldeſt perſon in the hut begins his tale, to which the auditors are equally attentive.—The arrival of the beloved gueſt is then celebrated with feſtivities, and every moment is paſſed in ſinging, dancing, feaſting, and telling ſtories.

The friendſhips of their neighbours, the Kamtaſchadales, are of a very different nature. If a Kamtaſchadale is deſirous of making another his friend,

friend, he invites him to an entertainment. He previouſly heats his ſtove, and prepares a ſufficient quantity of proviſions to ſatisfy ten people. The gueſt ſtrips, and ſo does his hoſt, as if for a pugiliſtic conteſt. The latter then produces his proviſions, and pours broth into a large ſhell in order to aſſiſt digeſtion by this beverage. While the gueſt is eating, the hoſt ſprinkles water on red hot ſtones to increaſe the heat. The gueſt eats and ſweats till he can hold no longer, and is obliged to cry mercy of his hoſt. The latter, for his part, takes nothing, and can go out of the hut as often as he pleaſes. As it is an honour for the hoſt to keep heating and diſhing up without intermiſſion, ſo in like manner the gueſt prides himſelf on enduring this immoderate heat and too abundant entertainment. He would rather relieve his ſtomach ten times by vomiting, and diſcharge all the fluids of his body by perſpiration, than give in. If he is at length compelled to acknowledge that he is overcome, he enters into a capitulation. His hoſt then requires him to purchaſe an armiſtice by a preſent conſiſting either of dogs or apparel, threatening, in caſe of refuſal, to heat ſtill more violently, and to make him eat till he either pays or burſts. The gueſt gives what the hoſt demands, and receives in return either old rags, or old lame dogs. He however enjoys the right of retaliation, and at a ſecond banquet, in which he changes places with his gueſt, he gains as much as he loſt by the firſt. This mutual treating of each other keeps up friendſhip and hoſpitality among the Kamtaſchadales. If the hoſt did not pay attention to the invitation of the gueſt, whom he had ſo liberally entertained, the latter would take up his quarters with him, without ſaying a word, and if he did not make him a preſent unſolicited, the ſtranger would next morning harneſs his dogs before the hut of the hoſt, and after placing himſelf in his ſledge, would truſt his ſtaff into the earth, and not depart till ſomething had been given him. It would be the moſt cruel affront, the cauſe or irreconcileable enmity, were he ſuffered to depart empty-handed. The avaricious hoſt would have no friends, and would diſgrace himſelf for ever in the eyes of his neighbours.

Kraſcheninikow relates a ſtory of a Coſſack, who, by the method above deſcribed, obtained a beautiful fox-ſkin of a Kamtaſchadale. The ſavage, ſo far from regretting his gift, declared that he had never been ſo ſweated and crammed in all his life, and that the Ruſſians knew how to regale their friends much better than the Kamtaſchadales.

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## *Of the Effects Produced by Adverſity on different Minds.*

Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
*Shakſpeare.*

*THE* fable of the jewel that adorns the toad's head, is a vulgar notion which is ſuppoſed to have ariſen from the ſingular brightneſs of that reptile's eye: but common acceptation is ſufficient evidence for a poet, and every body feels and admires the exquiſite paſſage which is the motto of this article.

But although we are very unwilling to caval about the accuracy of a notion which is employed merely by way of illuſtration, yet we are by no means ready to admit, without conſideration, every axiom which a beautiful illuſtration is brought to recommend. Many men there are, whom adverſity has chaſtened and corrected: who have turned their thoughts inward through diſguſt at all outward objects; and who, having once become acquainted with their own hearts, have earneſtly deſired

fired to make thoſe hearts worthy of the acquaintance. But perhaps adverſity in the extreme, or even moderate adverſity occurring to perſons of particularly ſanguine temperaments, tends rather to weaken the mind than to ameliorate the heart: and it has perpetually happened that thoſe who have borne proſperity the moſt haughtily, have endured adverſity the moſt puſillanimouſly. Now the mere humiliation of any man, a humiliation unattended with any but mortifying ſenſations, a humiliation of pride and not of conſcience, can have little or no effect upon his temper, except that of exacerbating it. He on whom proſperity has never been poured in ſo plentiful a ſhower as to induce a forgetfulneſs of duty and of ſituation, is likely, on a reverſe of fortune, to perceive and amend any little errors, which he may have committed: but he who by proſperity has been tranſported beyond himſelf, will in adverſity be humbled beneath himſelf. External fortune and not his own mind has held him up; when, therefore, external fortune, which has been his only prop, is ſuddenly ſnatched away, he has not time to ſeek ſupport from his own mind, and becomes totally abject and helpleſs. A ſwimmer, who has been accuſtomed to no aid beyond that of a bladder, may ſuſtain himſelf upon the ſtream when that ſlight aſſiſtance is removed; but one who has floated in a complete jacket of cork, will probably ſink if that aid be taken from him.

Some ancient wit ſaid of the Engliſh nation in raillery.—*Anglica gens, peſſima videns, optima flens.*—The Engliſh are the worſt laughers, but the beſt weepers in the world; or, in other words, the Engliſh can bear adverſity, but not proſperity. That this ſtatement is correct in one of its branches, we believe: but we believe alſo that it is incorrect in another. We are inclined to think that the Engliſh bear adverſity with fortitude, becauſe they are generally too prudent, or too phlegmatic, to be much elated by proſperity: but when an Engliſhman, from peculiar lightneſs of conſtitution, is bloated into arrogance by good fortune, he is as liable as his neighbours to be degraded into meanneſs by untoward accidents.

Wolſey, the moſt powerful ſubject whom the realm of England has ever known, is a ſtriking inſtance in ſupport of theſe aſſertions. A remembrance of the lowneſs of his origin perhaps increaſed his pride, for a ſudden elevation uſually produces ſuch an effect; but he appears to have had another kind of pride from his nature, and yet another pride from his education. When he roſe to the rank of cardinal, acquired the entire favour of the king, and obtained the higheſt offices of profit and of truſt in the ſtate, he became ſo inſufferably arrogant, that it is ſaid he could not be contented unleſs he were ſerved by the ſons of noblemen. He in common diſcourſe placed his own name before that of his ſovereign, ſaying, *Ego et Rex meus*—I and my king. When Edward, duke of Buckingham, ſpilt a little water on his ſhoes, he is reported to have told his grace, that 'he would ſtick in his ſkirts:' and in a little while the duke was beheaded. He carried the broad ſeal of England with him beyond ſea—he retained a greater train than the king—he tyrannized over the whole realm, and his word was law—nay, he actually cited king Henry and queen Catherine to appear before him and his fellow cardinal Campeius, the legate of the pope. On a ſudden the capricious Henry withdrew his favour: Wolſey licked the duſt, he bowed and cringed to all thoſe men in power, whom he had before contemned; he appeared overjoyed when any mean courtier would condeſcend to ſpeak to him; and when

mr. Norris met him on the way at Putney, and brought for him from the monarch a comfortable meſſage and the preſent of a gold ring, Wolſey alighted from his mule, and received the meſſage bare-headed and kneeling in the dirt, with the humbleſt expreſſions of gratitude to God and to the king.

An inſtance equally forcible, is that of the great Bacon.—George, duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James the firſt, knowing the vaſt abilities of Bacon, who was then attorney-general, and conceiving that, as affairs were then ſituated, this lawyer was the fitteſt man 'to ſerve the king in quality of lord 'keeper of the broad ſeal,' ſent a gentleman to tell him that he ſhould be appointed to that high office. This intelligence was accompanied by a meſſage, which purported, that the duke knew him to be naturally a knave, proud, and apt to return injuries for benefits: but which further warned Bacon to be careful, ſignifying that if his conduct were inſolent or ungrateful, the duke 'would ſink him as far below ſcorn and contempt, as he had preferred him above his expectation.' Bacon heard the meſſage with patience, and promiſed to obey the commands of ſo good a patron with the greateſt ſubmiſſion and exactneſs. But when he had received the ſeals, and the king for a little while was gone into Scotland, Bacon began to fancy himſelf a prince. He ſlept in the king's apartments, did the buſineſs of the court in the banqueting houſe, and generally uſurped all the ſtate and attendance of the king. He carried his preſumption ſo far, that if any of the privy councillors who were ſitting with him for the diſpatch of public affairs, drew near him, he would bid them 'ſit further off, and know their diſtance:' which affronted ſecretary Winwood ſo greatly, that he went away, refuſed to appear again at the council board, and immediately wrote to the king, adviſing him to return to England with what ſpeed he might, becauſe his ſeat was already uſurped by the keeper. Bacon, (who during this aſſumed grandeur, had, on receiving letters from the duke of Buckingham that required ſpeedy anſwers, refuſed to notice them but at his own leiſure,) now hearing that the king was on his way to London, and finding that his own magnificence was at an end, ſank into the moſt abject fear. The court being come to Windſor, he attended two days at the duke of Buckingham's apartments, and was admitted no further than into the room where the footmen and the dregs of the family waited. There, for the two ſucceſſive days, he ſate upon an old wooden coffer, with the purſe and ſeal lying beſide him; and then gaining admittance, he fell at the duke's feet, kiſſing them, and vowing never to riſe again without his Grace's pardon. The duke of Buckingham forgave him: and Bacon became the ſlave of the duke and of all his relations.

Examples, it has been acknowledged, are infinitely more uſeful and credible than rules: and while we own the advantageous effect that adverſity may produce on ſome minds, we cannot help conceiving that ſuch anecdotes as thoſe we have been relating are ſufficient to prove, that there are other minds on which adverſity can work no beneficial change. The general applicability of the axiom contained in our motto we therefore confeſs: but we feeel ourſelves juſtified in doubting its univerſality.

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A merchant at Paiſley has obtained a patent for a ſtove for heating air, as the means of warming an apartment; the front is alſo made of tranſparent materials, allowing the heat and light to paſs into the room, but excluding the ſmoke and duſt.

The

*The Myſterious Recluſe. (Continued from Page 277.)*

*LEONORA* frowned. Her miſtreſs embraced her. 'I know you will not ſay any thing,' ſaid ſhe; 'forgive me, and fetch the ſtranger.'

Thus the recluſe reſolved to perform a good action to which duty and benevolence alone would not have perſuaded her. Her aſylum afforded no immediate accommodation for the reception of a ſtranger, and ſtill leſs of a ſick perſon; and beſides, ſhe ran the riſk of loſing her partiality for her retreat in conſequence of the viſits of the phyſicians, and the going in and out of the ſervants of another, or of becoming better known than was conſiſtent with the plan of her life.

In every hiſtory there are circumſtances, which inſtead of being detailed in words, ought to be indicated with a ſingle ſtroke, becauſe they are underſtood of themſelves. In this part of the preſent hiſtory ſuch a ſtroke could ſignify nothing but this: Leonora haſtened to execute her commiſſion; after one or more refuſal, which is a tribute that cuſtom imperiouſly demands in ſuch caſes, the ſtranger gladly accepted the invitation; a phyſician was fetched from the neareſt town; the two ladies in a few days conceived ſuch an affection for each other as though they had lived in mutual intimacy from their infancy, though the miſtreſs of the caſtle never paid her viſits to the ſick bed of her gueſt without her black veil, as already deſcribed.

Moraliſts, people who hunt the human mind as divines do in the bible, to collect materials for ſermons which are moſt unwelcome to thoſe who have moſt occaſion for them, pretend that two female hearts cannot poſſibly approach each other without feeling the neceſſity of reciprocal communication. This neceſſity, ſay they, ſometimes operates with ſuch force, that the ſtream of words at length burſts like a mountain torrent from the moſt reſerved lips, and even breaks down the dykes of prudence and ſelf-intereſt. They therefore adviſe every man, who reſolves to entruſt a female boſom with a ſecret, to prepare himſelf for ſome little treachery, whenever his confidante is likewiſe the confidante of ſome female friend or neighbour, and not to be angry if that takes place in this way, which according to the laws of nature cannot fail to occur.

Thoſe who maintain a principle may defend it. Secrets are better kept by many a woman than by many a man, were it only in this caſe that the former is too proud, too miſtruſtful, too independent, or too reſerved to want or to ſeek a female friend or confidante.

The miſtreſs of the caſtle felt, to her own aſtoniſhment, a diſpoſition to confirm the doctrine of the moraliſts. Why then, being perfectly aware of what ſhe was about, did ſhe indulge a diſpoſition ſo contrary to all her principles and reſolutions? Will it be believed that the evident reſemblance between the ſick lady and the man whoſe picture was the idol of this ſequeſtered temple, was the flame that diſſolved the ſeal of prudence on the lips of the reſerved recluſe? In two long years her Leonora, with all her affections and fidelity, had not been able to obtain from her, in her moſt communicative moments, any more than a few fragments of her life, which were far from forming a complete hiſtory.—But the impreſſion of this unaccountable reſemblance was too ſtrong for a mournful enthuſiaſt; and this impreſſion was concerted into an anxiety that baniſhed every recollection, by the reciprocal ſenſibility of the patient, who returned every demonſtration of attachment, and by carefully abſtaining from all inquiſitive queſti-

ons seemed to acquire a claim to a complete explanation.

To this was added a discovery which the recluse fancied she had made, and immediately communicated to Leonora.

'What,' said she secretly to Leonora, 'did our sick friend tell you what her name is, when you at first asked her?'

'Madame Friedberg, I believe she pronounced it. Did she tell you a different name?'

'No; but she blushed when she pronounced it, and appeared embarrassed as though she had done something improper. May not some secret be concealed beneath this name? May she not have had reason for assuming it? Can her fortune bear any resemblance to mine, as her face does to that of the man for whose sake I am reduced to my present situation? Why does she not mention a single word concerning her relations? At this moment I know no more than that she is unmarried.—And yet she travels alone!'

Leonora could give no other answer than that she should like to know. The maid and servants of the patient, did not as they said, belong to the lady herself, and either could not or would not give any further information than that madame Friedberg was madame Friedberg.

Madame Friedberg recovered from her illness, which was a violent fever produced by a cold, so rapidly that the recluse trembled at the prospect of parting. Never since she had resided within these walls had her mind been so agitated. She could no more suffer the stranger to depart till she had ascertained the reason of the extraordinary resemblance, than she could think of means to detain her longer, or to obtain from her any further explanation. The resemblance seemed to disappear in proportion as returning health sparkled in the eyes and glowed upon the cheeks of the stranger; but she still continued to observe what she had once remarked.

Amid these perplexing sentiments, conjectures, and wishes, the recluse invited her friend, who was as averse as herself to speak of her departure, to a walk in the garden, which since it was first laid out and converted into an artificial wilderness, had not been trodden by the foot of a stranger.—Had it been, in the sequel so carefully shut up, the reader must have dispensed with this description. A high inner wall parted this mystical garden from the court yard of the castle. To the only door by which it could be entered, the way led through a room, the key of which the mistress of the castle always carried about her. All the windows which formerly looked that way, were walled up, except two that belonged to a particular apartment which was alike inaccessible to the domestics of the lady and to strangers. The inner side of the garden wall was covered with ivy; a narrow path ran between the wall and a five fold row of fir trees, beyond which was a hedge of shrubs. Through this verdant border of the mysterious garden, winding paths conducted to the places where the recluse had prepared a mournful banquet for her memory in a variety of monuments. 'Here,' said she to her curious companion, 'here I have buried my joys. Here also have I placed momentoes upon their graves. It is easy to laugh at imaginary happiness, but difficult to make compensation to those whom we deprive of it. For he who has recourse to the creatures of fancy, proves that real life is unsatisfactory or that it has no longer any joys for him. That I may hear no reflections on the last productions of my fancy, I keep them concealed from all. For you, my friend, I have transgressed my law. Why I have done it, he alone knows, who has made you so dear to me.'

The

The ſtranger preſſed her face to the boſom of the recluſe, who thus proceeded:

'You cannot forbear thinking that I am the greateſt of fools, or that I am very unhappy, and for reaſons of great importance conceal with ſuch care my perſon and all that concerns me. I do not however believe that you will be an unjuſt judge.—You do not look as if you were capable of being ſo.'

The ſtranger aſſured her in the warmeſt terms of ſympathy which ſhe felt for one whoſe lot ſhe thought ſo extraordinary.

'Not ſo extraordinary,' replied the recluſe, 'for it is of my own choice.'

'Of your own choice?'

'Moſt certainly, and had I not acted as I have done, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf. Now I alone ſuffer. But come and ſee the childiſh inventions which are now my ſole enjoyment. In that cheſnut tree upon the little hill it is not likely that you can diſcover any thing remarkable. It, however, reminds me of a tree of the ſame kind which ſtood upon ſuch another hill, and in whoſe ſhade a moſt excellent man made a deep impreſſion upon my ſoul. Let us go to the pond. Do you ſee that boat? On ſuch a pond I once amuſed myſelf with the ſame man. The boat in which we were, was painted red and had two ſeats juſt like this. We muſt now pay a viſit to the rock. It is very happily executed after a drawing which I ſketched from memory. But let us firſt ſtep into the cottage before we proceed to the rock. In ſuch a cottage I once drank milk with the ſame man out of a wooden bowl.'

The amiable enthuſiaſt thus conducted the ſtranger from one monument of paſt happineſs to another, and at length took her into a ſmall, elegant houſe, the apartments of which were furniſhed, as ſhe ſaid, even to the minuteſt object, that had not eſcaped her memory, like thoſe of another habitation where ſhe had experienced both happineſs and ſorrow. In one of theſe apartments ſtood a harpſichord; a ſecond contained a library; a third, which ſhe ſaid was a drawing-room, was not opened by the recluſe. Over the harpſichord and in the library hung a vacant picture frame.

'What think you of theſe empty frames?' aſked the miſtreſs of the caſtle.

'That they ought to be filled,' replied the ſtranger.

The recluſe caſt a look at the frames—ſuch a look as none but a Shakſpear could have darted from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, when an angel dictated to him in the name of his Miranda the queſtion:—'Ferdinand, doſt thou love me?'—And to us no other than a ſpirit that deſires to be nameleſs, imparted in confidence the hiſtory of that look:—for what the ſtranger ſaw through the veil of the recluſe reſembled only a gleam of ſun-ſhine through a cloud.

'The frames are filled whenever I look at them,' exclaimed the veiled enthuſiaſt.

'My dear friend!' ſaid the ſtranger, preſſing the hand of her conductreſs; you muſt not look too long at thoſe frames. You run the riſk—'

'Of loſing my reaſon?' interrupted the recluſe. 'Oh! that I were expoſed to no other danger. My reaſon is extremely tenacious. Have you not heard of a madman who lived at Athens of old, and was happy under the notion that all the ſhips which entered the port of that city were his property. That kind of happineſs is denied me; for I know but too well the diſtinction between what is real and what is only imaginary. I reſign myſelf with perfect ſelf recollection to the reveries of imagination,

imagination, and am but too well convinced of their unreality.'

While the recluſe was thus ſpeaking, ſhe paſſed without being aware, ſo cloſe to the book-caſes, for they were in the library, that the ſtranger could read the titles on the backs of the books.

'German books!' exclaimed ſhe with ſurprize, and took out Geſſner's works. 'You read German then, and perhaps ſpeak it too?'

The recluſe was diſconcerted; but ſhe ſoon recovered herſelf. 'I never thought of the books,' ſaid ſhe. 'It is now too late. I am betrayed; indeed I have betrayed myſelf. I muſt abandon my aſylum, and deſtroy my monuments, unleſs you, my deareſt friend, are the moſt diſcreeteſt of our ſex. But I will believe that you are ſo, I will tell you what none elſe muſt know. And now, my dear country-woman let us converſe together in the accents of our mother-tongue.'

Theſe were the firſt German words that the ſtranger had heard from the lips of the recluſe. At the ſame moment ſhe conceived an idea which ſo powerfully impreſſed her, that ſhe was unable to utter a word but ſtedfaſtly fixed her eyes upon her companion.

'Do you know me?' cried the latter, not leſs agitated, and throwing back her veil.

Like an apparition ſhe ſtood before the aſtoniſhed ſtranger. The fire of inſpiration beamed from her eyes, majeſty was ſeated on her brow, and her ſmile was that of innocence itſelf. It was one of thoſe undeſcribable faces, with which truth ought to be painted a beauty of a better world, which extorts the admiration of the multitude, but enkindles the flames of love only in the few on whom the qualities of the mind and goodneſs of ſoul produce a more powerful impreſſion than the greateſt perſonal charms. To this face the ſtranger inclined with an eye replete with curioſity and love, but ſhe did not recollect that ſhe had ever ſeen it before.

'Then you do not know me,' ſaid the recluſe. 'That relieves me from part of my anxiety. With ſo much the more freedom I may relate to you my hiſtory. At preſent, however, I am too much agitated. Come with me into the next room to the harpſichord. To-morrow we will have ſome farther converſation.'

They went, hand in hand, into the adjoining apartment. The recluſe ſat down to the harpſichord and played, with the fluency of a virtuoſo, ſeveral ſonatas, as ſhe ſaid from memory, and concluded with ſinging a ſong which ſhe had herſelf ſet to muſic.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 273.)*

*NOW* left in total darkneſs, all the horrors of his ſituation at once aſſailed him; but ſuperſtitious fears were above all the moſt direful to him. The mournful wind which ſwept along the paſſage, ſeemed to murmur his name in the ſadly melting tones of Viola's voice: and though there was not a ray of light, he fancied he beheld a blood-ſtained poniard floating in the air; while, as he groped about, and ſtarted at ſome imaginary touch of horror, the fire that flaſhed from his own eyes he conceived to be the dreadful gleam from the ſcorching eyes of fiends and ſpectres. But ſtill he went on, anxious, if poſſible, to eſcape from this moſt terrible place.

At length Elfridii reached the termination of this paſſage, and ſaw a ray of light beam down another that branched off from this. The light moved on. Elfridii, half breathleſs, through hope and joy, purſued it. It glided on quicker than mortal motion could convey it. Elfridii ran forward,

forward, but soon lost sight of it.—He trembled with agitation. Again the light gleamed much nearer than before. He darted forward, and caught the shadow of a human figure. The light again moved rapidly on.—Elfridii followed it by a winding acclivity. It now seemed stationary; and the conte gained so much upon it, that he soon beheld an elegant female figure, light, tall, and airy, clothed in long flowing and almost transparent drapery, but closely veiled, bearing in one hand the light he had so long pursued. He had no time to lose in conjectures of where she came from; but the sight of her dissipated at once every superstitious apprehension.

Politely Elfridii called to her, informed her of his situation, and entreated leave to accompany her until he could ascertain exactly where he was. The lady stopped, bowed courteously, and motioned for his approach. As Elfridii advanced the lady pursued her way; but although much slower than before, the conte, with all his speed, could not overtake her. At length she suddenly stopped, and at that very door through which Elfridii had himself admitted Sanguinario to murder Viola. His blood froze in his veins, his heart sickened, and his superstitious fears returned with renovated force; yet from some undefinable impulse he rushed forward, as the phantom, raising her veil, discovered the beauteous countenance and bleeding bosom of the murdered Viola, at the same moment that the words in Matilda's dream—'Elfridii, beware! thy crimes are registered in Heaven,' seemed to strike with horror the most horrible on his appalled ears, and deprived of sense and motion he instantly fell on the ground.

Above half an hour elapsed before Elfridii recovered from his swoon, when he found himself enveloped in total darkness; but the dreadful occurrence, which deprived him of respiration, left behind too forcible an impression ever to be forgotten.—Remembering perfectly where he had fallen, he arose with much difficulty, from excess of tremor, and let himself through the secret door into that very chamber where he had caused Viola to be murdered, and where now her unhappy husband lay buried in profound sleep.

Wistfully Elfridii gazed around the chamber; a lamp was burning: he took it in his trembling hand; he approached the bed, to snatch a look at his injured friend: drops of cold dew stood on his forehead; his knees smote each other.

'Ah me,' he cried, 'how changed! And yet he sleeps serenely even on the very spot where his angel wife was butchered. Such favour finds the just; while I'—He shuddered at himself; no longer could he bear to view the friend whose happiness he had so inhumanly blasted: conviction's thorns were fast springing in his heart; he rushed from this fatal chamber to his own cell, where, sinking on his couch, all the dreadful transactions of his life, all the awful occurrences of that night, passed in their horrid forms before him; he shuddered—he trembled. The hour of infidelity was past: he who was permitted to behold a form so long numbered with the dead, could he longer disbelieve? Heaven, to awake a sinner to repentance, had suffered one of its own seraphs to appear, to teach that truth he doubted. The sceptic was convinced. the crimes of his past life, the punishments of a future, all struck with horror's fellest force upon his soul: his senses fled before the dreadful retrospect, and dismayed reason was shaken from her throne.

For eight months Elfridii lay in all the phrenzy of a strong dilirium, attended most kindly and faithfully by Francisco and Iago, when the skill of

Pedro

Pedro (who before this time was dragged to the caſtle) was permitted by Heaven to make ſome impreſſion upon the obſtinacy of his diſeaſe.—At the expiration of that tedious time he had ſhort lucid intervals, which were chaced away by the remembrance of his crimes. Pedro ſaw that ſome dreadful guilt lay heavy upon the mind of this man, who was a perfect ſtranger to him: he preſumed not to explore his ſecrets; but, in the character of a ſenſible humane man and exemplary Chriſtian, effected as much for his patient's cure as he performed in his medical capacity. Judiciouſly he watched the opportunity of pouring balm into the wounded mind, by converſing upon the goodneſs of Him 'whoſe arms are ever open to receive the contrite penitent.' The lucid intervals of Elfridii now became longer, clearer, and more perfect; and Pedro ſupplied him from the library with every book that could aſſiſt his cure. At length Elfridii's recovery was judged complete, though debility of frame confined him to his couch five months after his phrenzy had totally ſubſided; but when he aroſe from his couch, he aroſe one of the moſt lowly, ſincere penitents that ever knelt before the throne of Mercy.

The moment Elfridii found his health re-eſtabliſhed, he was anxious to ſet about effectually the important work of his eternal welfare; and the firſt ſtep which he conſidered neceſſary towards making his peace (if poſſible) with his too juſtly offended Creator, was by making every reſtitution and atonement, now in his power, to thoſe he had ſo inhumanly injured. But this was a work of much greater difficulty than he could have at firſt imagined. He had involved himſelf with knaves and villains of every gradation; and how to extricate himſelf from their toils, obſervation, and vengeance, ſo as effectually to reſtore liberty and their long uſurped rights to the houſe of Manfredonia, he was wholly at a loſs to deviſe. He was ſtill too weak to undertake a journey to the ſee of Rome himſelf; but even were he not, the ſtate in which he had ſo lately been, muſt deſtroy all confidence in his prudence, and draw the eye of ſuſpicion upon him; and all his former conſociates trembling for his fidelity, could he reaſonably hope to be allowed to reach the papal chair, while ſo many aſſaſſins ſtalked abroad, whoſe intereſt it would be to ſilence for ever a man who they might very well ſuppoſe no longer had reaſon for his guide, and whoſe death muſt cut off at once every brightening proſpect for the houſe of Manfredonia?

Neither was Lorenzo himſelf a proper ambaſſador, ſince his abſence from the caſtle muſt neceſſarily be diſcovered, and his death the inevitable conſequence. Beſides, he feared an interview with Lorenzo, at that time, would ſhake his juſt reſtored reaſon once more from its ſeat; and he made it a queſtion, 'Whether it would not be leſs cruel to allow the duca to remain in that unhappy ſtate of mind which years of habit had rendered, if not eaſy, at leaſt familiar to him, than to awaken new affections, new intereſts, new hopes, new fears, while uncertain how to terminate them?' Not to any one, therefore, dared he at preſent confide this conſequential miſſion, no not even to Franciſco, who he knew when his intereſt, much leſs his life, was at ſtake, was not always to be depended upon. Beſides new affections had lately been aroufed in Gaſſendi's breaſt, to bind him to don Manuel. A recent diſcovery had been made by the arrival of a female whom Garcias had made captive. She ſeemed old, in much miſery, and carried in her ſide a mortal wound inflicted by one of his ſanguinary companions.

panions. In the caſtle ſhe ſaw don Manuel, and claimed him for her ſon; and her authentic little hiſtory diſcovered him to be the offſpring of the unhallowed prieſt Franciſco Gaſſendi and a beautiful ſtrolling actreſs of Naples. The boy, deſerted by his father, was left ſolely to the care of his itinerant mother, one of whoſe lovers, a Spaniſh grandee, took care of the education of her ſon, and afterwards provided for him in the Spaniſh fleet. From that moment Ambroſio thought no more of his mother, whoſe ſituation tarniſhed the luſtre of his growing fame. Her lovers decreaſed with her beauty; her latter days were marked by poverty and wretchedneſs; and from one of her undutiful ſon's own emiſſaries ſhe received her death-wound, and at length expired in the arms of her, at that moment, repentant ſon.

For many reaſons this anecdote was kept as ſecret as poſſible in the caſtle: but Franciſco, while under the influence of his firſt emotions, revealed it to Elfridii, who now could not hope the father would take part in any thing that could threaten the deſtruction of his ſon. Upon Orlando, himſelf, therefore, all his hopes now reſted: he well knew conte Vicenza, believing this boy his own, meant at no very diſtant period to introduce him to the world as his nephew.

Impatiently now Elfridii looked forward to that moment, reſolving not to deſtroy the deluſion that bound Polydore to Orlando, and doubted not but in their train to paſs unmoleſted to Paris, when he would place all the important diſcoveries in proper hands, reſtore Lorenzo to the world, confeſs his own dreadful crimes, lay down his head upon the ſcaffold, and joyfully ſubmit to the ſtroke of the executioner, in ſome expiation of his guilt. But ſtill trembling for the inſtability of human life and human views, he haſtened to make a faithful narrative of his own crimes, and of the innocent Viola's injuries. He collected all the letters which he had intercepted, particularly that intruſted to the ill-fated Bernardo—copies of all Elvira's and Vicenza's forgeries—the certificate of Matilda's birth, which he had got from Franciſco—with every paper, trinket, and circumſtance likely to ſubſtantiate facts after his demiſe; and packing them up together in a ſmall iron box, he buried it by Viola's monument, which don Manuel had erected.—Showing the ſpot to the faithful Iago, he made him promiſe, ſhould he (Elfridii) die before young Theodore left the caſtle, to conduct the young man to that ſpot, dig up the box before him, give it into his own hands, with ſolemn injunctions to conceal it from the knowledge of every individual belonging to the caſtle, and never but with life to part from it, until he ſhould deliver it into the hands of the reigning pontiff.

This important matter being adjuſted as well as circumſtances would admit of, Elfridii began his life of penance. A ſmall pyramidical chamber in the caverns, which had once been a Moorith mauſoleum, he fixed on for his dwelling, apart from every living mortal ſave the wretched Sanguinario, whom to viſit often he made part of his penance, to contemplate that miſery he had aſſiſted to occaſion. Not far diſtant was the grave of Viola; and another reaſon he had for chooſing that place for his abode was, its proximity to the cavern into which the ſanguinary banditti precipitated, through a hole hid amongſt the underwood, the bodies of thoſe they murdered in the foreſt. To contemplate the dead, to compoſe their corſes decently, and to pile them up in reſpectable order, was now part of this wretched penitent's employment.

By the grave of Viola, or in this

dreadful

dreadful dormitory of the murdered, Elfridii now chiefly paſſed his nights, recounting his offences, and weeping over his paſt crimes. Every penance he had heard or read of, every pain and mortification the angry monk had ever ſentenced a trembling penitent to endure, Elfridii inflicted upon himſelf. Stripes and wounds, hunger and thirſt, praying and watching, by turns occupied his time. Often for a whole day and night would he abſtain from food; then commanding Iago to bring him the choiceſt viands money could procure, ſuch as had been wont to delight his ſenſual appetite, he would look on them, ſmell them, order them away, and appeaſe his craving hunger with mouldy cruſt and water.

No longer did a bed refreſh his exhauſted frame, the cold earth, with ſome newly-butchered body for his pillow, or the baſe of Viola's tomb, was his night's reſting place. By day he ſhunned ſociety, and paſſed it in tears, prayers, and dreadful retroſpection of time gone by; or in wandering to thoſe ſpots which could beſt remind him of his crimes. Day after day, and month after month, were ſpent by Elfridii in this ſhocking courſe of puniſhment, ſeen only by Iago or Franciſco, and often in his wanderings giving terror to the credulous Tereſa, or ſome eaſily alarmed captive—the departure of Orlando ſtill anxiouſly watched for by him—though at length it took place without the knowledge of this wretched man.

## CHAP. LXVIII.

WHEN that time arrived which conte Vicenza had fixed upon to introduce his ſuppoſed ſon into the world, Garcias, trembling leſt Theodore's attachment to his preceptor might, by ſome unforeſeen means, lead the unfortunate Lorenzo at length to liberty, and the whole community, in conſequence, to deſtruction, impreſſively repreſented the raſhneſs of leaving the lives of ſo many brave men at the mercy of a thoughtleſs youth, who might be won to their deſtruction by his attachment to individuals in the caſtle, conte Vicenza was now in the neighbourhood *in cog.*, at the houſe of a confociate, in the Bay of Roſes. His opinion exactly coinciding with that of Garcias, it was determined upon between them, that our hero ſhould be conveyed away in the manner moſt likely to create a perſuaſion of his death, ſo to put a ſtop to the inquiries of any one after him, and, by their manœuvres, to cut off the poſſibility of his ever finding his way back to the caſtle.

Don Manuel was ſoon won over to their ſchemes, who undertook to reconcile Franciſco to the prudence of their meaſures. But this was a taſk much more difficult than they imagined. Sincere eſteem for the ſuppoſed Sebaſtian, and affection for his ward Matilda, would not allow him to bear eaſily the idea of afflicting them; nor could his own attachment to the youth brook the thought of ſeeing him no more; and in the firſt impulſe of his feelings he had nearly (to deſtroy the claims of Polydore) confeſſed the death of Theodore, and the impoſition he had practiſed. But a moment's reflection convinced him how replete with dangers to his beloved protegé would be ſuch a diſcovery, and he continued in that path of deception the young man's real guardian, Elfridii, had formerly urged him to perſevere in; and now at length, by the perſuaſive rhetoric of don Manuel, he was led not to oppoſe the ſcheme of Garcias. A band, therefore, of armed ruffians were deputed, to act with Garcias in the ſeizure of the unwary Orlando, whom they dragged to one of the ſecret priſons, where they bound him, and left him to reflexions of no very pleaſant nature.

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At midnight Francisco and don Manuel entered his cell. His apprehensions vanished upon seeing them, but not the wonder which the occurrences of the day had awakened. They each approached him with affection; and don Manuel, knocking off his fetters, spoke with all that insinuating suavity of manners he was so famed for. He apologised for the treatment Orlando had that day experienced, by candidly confessing the real motive which actuated it. 'Your friends,' he continued, have demanded you, and you have lived too long among us not to be well aware of the precautions necessary for us to take when we permit any but our own community to quit our habitation. Your unpleasant treatment, I am concerned to add, is not yet past. You must, my young friend, submit to being hoodwinked, while you are conducted from this place to the carriage which is waiting to convey you to your uncle at Madrid. Any man but you, conte Theodore, I would bind by solemn oaths to secrecy before I suffered him to depart; but in your honour and generosity I dare confide my life. Farewel, dear youth! I am conscious I can claim no place in your esteem, but you live in mine; and wherever fate may call you, believe me you will not find a truer friend than I am.'

Orlando was much affected. Affectionately he pressed don Manuel's hand, while with streaming eyes he addressed Francisco—

'Oh! tell me, holy man,' he cried, 'my father! guardian! friend! who is it that claims me? Who is it who thus cruelly tears me from every tender tie I have been suffered to form upon earth? Who thus drags me, forlorn and destitute, into a world where the bosom of friendship or affection is not for me to rest upon?'

'I,' said Francisco, visibly subdued, 'I shall conduct you to the arms of your uncle, conte Vicenza, a man of honour and consequence, whom in my holy character I formed a friendship with. He has authorised me to inform you, that you are the offspring of his only sister and an English gentleman, who, marrying contrary to the approbation of their respective families, were discarded by both. Your father shortly died—it is supposed, of a broken heart. Your mother did not long survive him. You fell to the care of conte Vicenza, who entrusted you to my care, with earnest entreaties to guard you from the malice of your mother's vindictive family; and although your uncle was unacquainted with my connections here, his agent and most favoured friend, conte Elfridii, was not, and by his advice your uncle gave you to my protection. Your unnatural grandsire is now no more; and as apprehension no longer exists for your safety, conte Vicenza calls you into the world as his intended heir; and, justly hating the name you bear, has, by his interest in Italy, obtained nobility for you; and henceforth you are to assume, and be known only by the title of conte di Urbino.'

'These are brilliant prospects, certainly,' returned Orlando, 'alluring to a youthful mind: but gladly, oh, how gladly would I forego them for the society of those I love! The moment I go hence, my communication with this castle is cut off for ever. No more must I behold the friends I love within its walls. What then avails the kindness I have here received from my infancy? Only to awaken affections which, by one fatal stroke, must rend my heart for ever. Oh! holy Francisco, must I then indeed no more behold you, and my beloved young companion,—my poor old nurse,—Diego, Thomas, don Manuel too, and poor Iago,—and, oh, grief unutterable, my dear preceptor?

preceptor? O merciful God! tear me not from him; for, could I think that I ſhould no more behold Sebaſtian, my heart would break at once.'

Orlando fell on his face upon the dungeon bed, and ſobbed aloud. Don Manuel and his father were both ſenſibly affected, and a few moments elapſed in ſilence. Orlando at length raiſed his head, and in a voice and with a manner of impreſſive ſupplication ſaid:—

'By all that compaſſion you have hitherto evinced for me, by that affection I know you bear me, I entreat, I implore you, dear and holy father, to go alone to conte Vicenza; tell him I am penetrated by his kindneſs to me; aſſure him I have not an ungrateful heart; but that Sebaſtian, to whom I owe every mental good I poſſeſs, is far advanced in life, and is afflicted; that he has not a comfort under heaven but me; and my good uncle will not let me leave him—ſurely, ſurely not! In this dungeon will I remain till you return. Either prevail for Sebaſtian to accompany me, or for me to remain in the caſtle with him till death divides us. Sooner would I forego every ſmiling proſpect of my future life than grieve Sebaſtian.'

There was ſomething in the tone of Orlando's voice, in his look, his manner, at that moment, which found an inſtant paſſport into that part of don Manuel's heart where all his dormant goodneſs lay. He claſped Orlando with paternal tenderneſs to his breaſt, and was about to promiſe this faithful copy of Viola all he wiſhed for, when the ſavage Garcias and his myrmidons ruſhed in. The ſupplications of Orlando were no more attended to. This ruthleſs interpoſition cloſed the gates of pity in don Manuel's breaſt. Orlando was inſtantly hoodwinked, and, in deſpite of every effort, was borne from the dungeon into the foreſt, where a carriage waited, which, with an eſcort of don Manuel's troops, conveyed our hero and Franciſco as quickly as poſſible to the metropolis, where conte Vicenza was.

Polydore was at this period on a viſit to don Antonio Henriquez Fernando Gaſpardo de Almanzara, a grandee of high reputation, who then bore an honourable employment under the crown: nevertheleſs, he was a particular friend of conte Vicenza's, and a member of the predacious ſociety. Polydore had cogent reaſons for not chooſing that our hero ſhould at this time either remain at the Pyrenean caſtle or remove to France: he therefore arranged for his reſiding ſome time at Madrid, under the ſpecious pretence that, as it was to appear he had received his education in Spain, it was neceſſary for him to know the manners of poliſhed life in that country; and in the metropolis it was Polydore's intention he ſhould remain ſome time under the auſpices of don Antonio, from whoſe houſe he was to make occaſional excurſions to Toledo, at the univerſity of which his name had been ſome time enrolled. Of the poliſh of a court, however, Orlando wanted nothing. Nature, and one of the moſt finiſhed gentlemen the continent had ever boaſted, made him all the man of real elegance could wiſh to be: but, as he was to be ſeparated from thoſe he loved, he cared not whether he was exiled to Paris or Madrid.

Conte Vicenza remained only a few days at Madrid after the arrival of Orlando. Franciſco departed even ſooner, laden with letters, books, trinkets, and a thouſand kind remembrances, from the affectionate Orlando to thoſe beloved friends he left in Catalonia, who he knew not were to be led to believe him dead. However, Franciſco's affection to Sebaſtian and Matilda made him undeceive them; and while our hero continued at Madrid, Gaſſendi regularly made

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that metropolis a visit every three months, bringing with him intelligence of Orlando's friends—but no letters from Sebastian, who considered corresponding with any person out of the castle an infringement of his oath. But though Orlando received such constant information relative to those he loved, he yet pined in secret for the sorrow his absence must occasion to them: and notwithstanding don Antonio's utmost exertions to amuse this fascinating young stranger, all was vain; his sadness was invincible; and in the gayest circles the captivity of Sebastian, the still undecided relationship between him and the cloister-entombed Matilda, would still occupy his tortured mind, and rob him of mirth; of more—of peace.

No man Orlando now conversed with was so wise, so good, so polished, as Sebastian; no woman he saw so lovely, so interesting, as Matilda. But, insensible as Orlando was to the merits of the Madrid belles, they were by no means so little susceptible of his. Many a bright eye ogled and languished in vain; but at length the little blind urchin, enraged at his thus braving every attack of wit and beauty, determined to send him where he should find that cupid's power was not always to be slighted.

Don Antonio was an unmarried man, and had a ward so beautiful, so accomplished, so amiable, and withal so rich, that he had long determined to make her his wife; and she had never discovered any discouraging symptoms, until some time after the arrival of Orlando at Madrid, when donna Almeira's heart told her tales the jealous eye of don Antonio soon developed; who, trembling at the increasing influence of this most formidable young man, at length resolved to remove him far from the too susceptible Almeira; and therefore, pretending business at Paris, requested Orlando to accompany him thither. The brilliant charms of donna Almeira had only excited common admiration and esteem in the breast of Orlando, and he felt no repugnance in acceding to don Antonio's request. In little more than a year, then, after Orlando's removal from the Pyrenean castle, he arrived at the château de Vicenza, near Versailles; when don Antonio candidly confessed to Polydore the reason of his conduct, and Orlando was suffered to remain at the château, although conte Vicenza had rather at that period have received any other man in existence for his guest.

Our reader is already acquainted with the profligacy of conte Vicenza, and of the daring insult he offered to the purity of our heroine. His scheme of villany against her he had long had in contemplation. The presence of her brother had restrained his licentiousness; and, as he rightly judged he should find Victoria no easy prey, he had some vague idea of making don Manuel's castle subservient to his diabolical design. The removal of Orlando from it was therefore necessary, since he might prove too dangerous a rival; and at all events, in extricating the innocent from the toils of the wicked, his virtues, courage, and influence over Francisco, were to be apprehended.

*(To be continued.)*

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## *London Fashions.*

*A PLAIN* cambric, or jaconet muslin dress, made a walking length; scolloped at the feet and wrist, with high gored bosom, and long sleeve of net. A spencer of silver lilac sarsnet, with bosom and cuffs, ornamented *à-la-Militaire*. Simple turban bonnet, composed of the same material as the spencer. The hair in alternate bands and ringlets. Gloves and shoes of lemon coloured kid; and parasol of shaded green sarsnet.

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It is as well to obſerve that with this kind of bonnet is uſually worn a ſhort veil of white lace, ſuſpended from the edge next the hair.

A light dreſs of bloſſom coloured muſlin, over white cambric, with waiſtcoat boſom, and deep ſcolloped collar and cuffs. A large gipſy hat of ſtraw, or imperial chip, tied acroſs the crown with a ſilk handkerchief, of the ſame ſhade, or one of white brocade ſarſnet. A veil of Mecklin lace, thrown negligently over the front of the hat, ſo as agreeably to ſhade the countenance. Small French watch, worn on the outſide. Shoes of purple kid, or olive jean. Gloves of York tan. Brown, green, or purple paraſol, with a deep fringed awning.

A ſimple frock of French cambric, buttoned up the back, with round boſom, and plain ſleeve, with frock cuff. A Spaniſh veſt of pale blue, or French grey ſarſnet, with ſhort French ſleeve, lapelled boſom, and pointed ſkirt, finiſhed with correſpondent taſſels. A pale amber, or lemon-coloured ſcarf, of Chineſe ſilk, twiſted negligently round the throat, the ends flowing in varied drapery, or reſtrained by the graceful diſpoſition of the hand. A cottage poke bonnet of fine ſtraw, ſimply ornamented with a bow of white ribband on the right ſide. Gold filigree ear-rings of the hoop form.—Hair in irregular curls, partially confined with a band. Gloves of Limerick, and ſhoes of grey kid.

A Mooriſh turban of pea-green ſilver tiſſue, totally obſcuring the hair. A band of diamonds on the left ſide, finiſhed with a loop and *aigrette* of brilliants in front. A round robe of white or pea-green crape, worn over a white ſatin-ſlip; ſtock boſom, formed in circular plaits; finiſhed at the corner of the boſom with diamond brooches. Short full ſleeves of white ſatin, with armlets of pearl, and gathered tops the ſame as the robe. The dreſs ornamented at the bottom with fluted ribband of the ſame ſhade. Diamond ear-rings, and feſtooned necklace of Bohemian pearl, with diamond ſnap; bracelets to correſpond. White ſatin ſhoes, trimmed and ſpangled with ſilver. French kid gloves above the elbow.

A round dreſs of white, apple bloſſom, or ſilver lilac ſatin, with triangular front, pointed back, and plain frock ſleeve: a double trimming of antique ſcolloped lace, placed full round the buſt. A large Moſaic brooch in front of the boſom. Hair, a waved crop, with a few irregular curls in divers directions, confined with a comb in Moſaic. A diadem in front to correſpond. Pearl hoop ear-rings; bracelet *en ſuite*, with Moſaic ſtuds. A plain pea-green ſatin ſlipper. A *bouquet* of mignionette, jeſſamine, and moſs-roſe.—Gloves of white kid; and fan of green crape, wrought in ſilver *lilies of the valley*. A ſaſh (or occaſional ſcarf) of lilac tiſſue, embroidered in a delicate border of ſilver.

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## *The Conjugal Trio.*

MR. EDITOR,

*IN* your laſt number you introduced an intereſting anecdote reſpecting the ancient German count Gleichen and his two wives, who lived together in perfect harmony. I am inclined to think that ſuch inſtances are not ſo rare as might at firſt be imagined. Subjoined is an example of the kind which I have lately met with, and which forms an excellent parallel to the hiſtory of the noble German. S. L.

A woman in Pennſylvania, of middle age, fell ſick, and was ſoon convinced that ſhe had not long to live. The thoughts of her young children gave her great uneaſineſs in theſe laſt moments of her life. She ſent for her huſband to her bed-ſide, and did not conceal from him the apprehen-

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sions she entertained lest her successor in the conjugal bed should ill-treat her motherless infants; she begged and conjured her husband, now that she was going to leave him, to marry the young and robust Rosina, who had always been a faithful servant to them both, and cheerfully performed whatever was required of her. The husband regarded this proposal of his sick wife as the effect of impaired intellects, but as she insisted that he should swear to fulfill her wishes, he, to please her, took an oath to that purpose. Two days afterwards, the patient, distrusting her husband's sincerity, called him and Rosina to her bed, and told the latter that she intended to unite her in marriage with the man whom she herself was about to leave a widower; exhorting her, at the same time, to be faithful to him, to love him, and to take great care of his children and his domestic concerns. The good natured Rosina promised, weeping, to do whatever she required. The sick woman united them herself, made them both take the matrimonial vow, and obliged them immediately to put the seal to their new contract to prevent the possibility of their receding.

Having accomplished this business to her satisfaction, the patient gradually grew better; but the husband, in whose sight the new wife had found favour, told his former partner on her recovery, that since she had obliged him to marry Rosina, he was determined not to forsake her as long as she lived. The former, so far from being displeased, was, on the contrary, highly delighted with this resolution, and embraced her husband, and by her caresses, testified the warmest approbation. No misunderstanding was ever known to arise between these two wives. The second bore several children, to which the first shewed as much tenderness as to her own, and paid the utmost attention to the mother in her lying-in.—The young wife never forgot the respect, esteem, and affection which she owed to the elder as her benefactress: the days of this conjugal trio glided happily away, and nobody took offence at their extraordinary union.

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*Female Intrepidity.*

*LUCRETIA GRENVILLE* was betrothed to Francis, duke of Buckingham, at the time he fell in battle, by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to revenge his death on the murderer.—During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public, and when he did, it was with such precaution, that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred: the city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honour of the protector, who either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendour of royalty.—Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design into effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her

her lover's death, caſt off her mourning, and attired herſelf in the moſt ſumptuous appatel. It was not without the greateſt exertions that ſhe concealed the violent emotion under which ſhe laboured; and when the increaſing preſſure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became ſo ſtrong that ſhe nearly fainted, but, however, recovered juſt as the uſurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Haſtily drawing the piſtol from under her garment, ſhe fearleſsly took her aim, and fired; but a ſudden ſtart which the lady who ſat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction from that which was intended, and the ball ſtroking the horſe rode by Henry the protector's ſon, it was laid dead at his feet. This circumſtance immediately arreſted the progreſs of the cavalcade, and Cromwell, at the ſame time that he caſt a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a ſingular ſpectacle. Above twenty females were upon their knees, imploring his mercy, with uplifted hands, whilſt *one* only ſtood undaunted in the midſt of them, and looking down contemptuouſly on the uſurper, exclaimed, 'Tyrant, it was I who dealt the blow; nor ſhould I reſt ſatisfied with killing a horſe inſtead of a tiger, were I not convinced that ere another twelvemonth has elapſed, Heaven will grant another that ſucceſs which it has denied to me.'

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, were preparing to level the houſe to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud, with the moſt artful *ſangfroid*, 'Deſiſt, my friends! alas! poor woman, ſhe knows not what ſhe does,' and purſued his courſe: but afterwards cauſed Lucretia to be arreſted, and confined in a mad-houſe.

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*Reflections on Iron.*

THE vegetable kingdom ſupplies man with food and clothing, and the animal kingdom furniſhes him with the ſame. The mineral kingdom affords him implements for ſeparating bodies and joining them together, means of ſecurity, and weapons of defence.

Man deſtroys the animal and vegetable kingdom. The mineral kingdom, to which nature has aſſigned no particular form, is not deſtroyed by man, but deſtroys him; for he himſelf employs it for his deſtruction.—Steel protects againſt ſteel.—The helmet and the ſhield defend the head and breaſt againſt the ſword and the arrow; but not againſt the death-dealing bomb, or the bullet of lead diſcharged by the force of kindled powder from the murderous tube. For this reaſon the helmet and the ſhield are no longer retained in theſe days of death and deſolation, but are thrown aſide as an unneceſſary burden to the warrior.

The engines of deſtruction have gained the victory over thoſe deſtined for protection. With the augmented powers of the former, thoſe of the latter have not been able to keep pace. The helmet and the ſhield are thrown aſide, but nothing has been ſubſtituted in their ſtead.

Iron revenges on man the havoc which he makes in the animal and vegetable world. The ſoft wool of the ſheep clothes him. The trunks of the trees, though he has cut them down, afford him a convenient habitation, and ſcreen him from the wind and the rain. But iron, which he has himſelf forged for his own deſtruction, daſhes him in pieces and kills him.

In the hand of man, iron is at once the moſt uſeful and the moſt dangerous of ſubſtances. Deſtruction is invariably its principal object. By the axe the tree and the ox are felled; by the ſaw the internal compoſition of the former is deſtroyed; by the knife the organization of the animal

animal is diſſolved; and by the ſcythe the waving ears are levelled with the ground. By iron man deſtroys the animal and vegetable world, in order to produce another creation of his own workmanſhip.

Men ſoon conceive a jealouſy of each other on account of this new creation of their own production.—Hence ariſe diſputes and wars. The ſame dangerous engine by which this creation was formed again deſtroys it. The glowing ball transforms palaces into heaps of rubbiſh. The point of iron is turned againſt man himſelf, and becauſe with it he deſtroys the order of nature, it deſtroys him in his turn.

Man who admires this wonderful concatenation of things, who takes a comprehenſive ſurvey of their action and counteraction, their origin and annihilation, is at a loſs what a final reſult to draw from theſe circumſtances. The various relations of things to each other again operate on his powers of reflection and involuntarily ſet them in activity.

He thinks, and thinks, and imagines that he has diſcovered ſomething, but it almoſt ſeems as if nothing but the fibres of his brain were ſet in motion; for, at laſt, the ſole fruit of his ſpeculations is a play of the ideas.

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*Extraordinary Inſtance of Intrepidity in a Young Naval Officer.*

*AMONG* the young officers who aſſembled a few days ago at the navy office, to paſs their examination for lieutenants, a mr. William Pearſe preſented himſelf for that purpoſe — His certificates from his late commanding officers attracted every one's attention; as it appeared to them that he had, more than twenty times, riſked his life to ſave thoſe of his fellow-creatures, by leaping overboard after thoſe who had fallen into the ſea in gales of wind, and when the ſhip was going at a great rate; and that he had had the ſingular good fortune, by theſe means, of ſaving the lives of a dozen ſeamen.

The crew of his majeſty's ſhip Foudroyant had generouſly preſented him with a handſome ſword, on which his fortunate exertions in preſerving the lives of three of their ſhipmates are expreſsly engraven.

Mr. Pearſe went through his examination before ſir R. Barlow, &c. with much credit to himſelf, and with the praiſes and approbation of every one then preſent.

On the day following he was preſented to the admiralty, and, through the medium of a ſhort memorial and his ſword, his character was made known to lord Mulgrave. His lordſhip was ſo pleaſed with the extraordinary intrepidity and zeal of the young man in the cauſe of humanity, that he immediately preſented him with a lieutenant's commiſſion.

Mr. Pearſe is a native of Cornwall, and not yet twenty-two years of age.

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*Literary and Domeſtic Wives?*

'Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſehold good;
And good works in her huſband to promote.'
MILTON.

MR. EDITOR,

*I WAS* lately engaged in a converſation on a ſubject which appeared to me of ſuch importance, that I could not forbear, when alone, throwing together the following reflections upon it. The thing diſcuſſed was '*the reſpective conjugal merits of an accompliſhed or literary woman and a domeſtic one.*'

By an accompliſhed or literary woman, I would be underſtood one who, to a knowlege of muſic, dancing, drawing, ſinging, &c. joins an adequate acquaintance with the learned languages. She ſhall know Italian, French, Latin, and, to be ſure, a little Greek; ſhe ſhall be able to blun-

French,

der through Racine, miſtake Taſſo, ſit ſtill at Virgil, and tear Homer in a pet; ſhe ſhall decline nouns like a ſchoolboy, and conjugate verbs like a boarding-ſchool miſs; ſhe ſhall, laſtly, be able to write eſſays with little labour, and compoſe ſonnets on love extempore.

On the contrary, a domeſtic woman is, according to my motto, one who 'ſtudies Houſehold good, and in her huſband good works to promote.'

She is neither the enthuſiaſt of Homer, nor the deſciple of Plato. It is of little conſequence to her whether Shakeſpeare be ſpelt with or without the *e*; whether Virgil had an aſthma, or Horace rheumatic eyes. She is happy if ſhe can render her huſband ſo and her offspring.

'She aſks no ſeraph's wing, no angel's fire,
To be, contents her natural deſire.'

In her domeſtic ſphere of action ſhe finds ſufficient opportunities to gratify her heart with innocent recreations; and ſhe leaves thoſe ſtudies, ſuited only to the conceptions of man, which would draw her aſide from her *duty* and *obedience*.* But this character I ſhall draw more largely in its proper place, while we proceed to conſider that of the literary woman.

She who binds herſelf by the moſt ſolemn vows to a man for life, and invokes the Almighty to ratify thoſe vows, ſhould tremble how ſhe dares violate them. She binds herſelf in the preſence of God and man, to 'obey, ſerve, love, and honour him, to keep him in ſickneſs and in health, and, forſaking all other, keep only unto him!' What more ſolemn proteſtations can be made? Every excuſe would be inſufficient to palliate a breach in them, but *one*—when the huſband, forſaking the laws of nature and reaſon, acts towards her without the

NOTE.

* I think I ſee ſome of my female readers buſily employed in razing out theſe two odious words, and ſubſtituting in their ſtead, *quill* and *inclination*.

feelings of a man. How rarely or how frequently ſoever this may occur, it is not my preſent intention to inveſtigate. I ſhall only point out here the impoſſibility of a woman given to literary purſuits to fulfill the ſacred functions of a wife and mother.

Every man knows that the happineſs of marriage conſiſts as much in the performance of thoſe many little nameleſs attentions, as in the more immediate acts of duty. It would be idle and frivolous to inſiſt here upon the common obſervations, that man cannot be truly happy without mutual intercourſe with the female ſex.—If we conſider *why* this is, the reaſon will inſtantly ſtrike us. In the allotments of Providence, man is placed in a ſcale of being wherein woman cannot appear. The labours of the field, of war, of commerce, of ſtuddy, &c. are altogether incompatible with feminine weakneſs. All the wonders of art proceed from the labours of man! Our churches, temples, bridges, monuments, all are the effect of man's progreſſive induſtry. Hence our natures are more formed for ſuch laborious exerciſes. And herein the wiſe deſigns of Providence are wonderfully exemplified.—What, if we were equally adapted for the nurſery, the workroom, or the kitchen! What, if we were anxious to perform the ſeveral duties of thoſe ſeveral places! How mean and contemptible compared with our preſent noble occupations! Who would rather purſue ſuch than the ſublime reſearches into nature? Who would rather be thus employed, than to behold ſtructures of magnificence from themſelves beneath their hands, and ſcience opening her treaſures to their view? Why then was woman given to man? To perform thoſe duties for which they are peculiarly qualified by nature. To ſoften our native ruggedneſs; to ſoothe our minds in harmony, and to divide with us the toils of

life-

life. She was not given to act beyond her sphere, or blindly to presume to what she is not adequate.—A woman who cultivates the natural virtues of her mind, and does not deviate from nature into folly and presumption, may render herself with little trouble an object of adoration and of love. Of the truth of this there needs no argument to convince: every reader will immediately suggest to himself a thousand instances to verify it, and will feel a certain inward gratification that it is so. Otway has given a fine description of woman, and her cause of being here below:

'Oh woman! lovely woman!
Nature made thee to temper man!
Angels are painted fair to look like you!
There is in you all that we believe of
Heaven! Amazing brightness, purity,
And truth, eternal joy and everlasting
Love.'—*Ven. Preser. Act* 1, *Sc.* 1.

If every woman would consider how sacred are their duties in the marriage state, how they offend against God in neglecting them, and how also they incur the censure and contempt of mankind by such neglect, there would, I conceive, be wanting no arguments to persuade them to a strict discharge of those duties. Can we contemplate in nature a more grand or pleasing object than a woman exercising herself in the double character of a wife and mother?—Can there, in the whole scale of existence, occur a more noble, a more exalted sphere of action? Where can a woman shine with so much lustre as in the bosom of her family? Where do so many occasions offer themselves for the display of every virtue under Heaven? How delightful is the task to instil into the pliant mind of infancy the first principles of love, piety, benevolence, justice, and charity! To fashion under your hands, perhaps, the future saviour of his country. What pen can describe the complicated feelings of a mother, when her infant joy rises to manhood, and grows, all that her most sanguine hopes could wish, or enthusiastic imagination form. Hail, happy mother! who thus reapeth the harvest of thy troubles! She, joyful, sees all those virtues in perfection, which cost her so many anxious hours to engraft. She sees him esteemed by his superiors, beloved by his equals, and respected by his inferiors. She beholds him ennobled and dignified by the exercise of manly and unerring virtue. A woman capable of rearing such a son, who can tell her joys? They are endless! She hourly receives new gratifications from objects apparently trivial! To smooth the pillow of languid illness warms her heart with rapture! To pour balm into the agonized bosom of woe exalts her into extacy! To dry the tears of suffering innocence, to strain to her bosom the victim of despair, to exhilirate with joy the child of penury, and to invigorate with health the corrupted with disease, fit her for Heaven and her God! Can such bliss become the inmate of Faustina's heart? No. In her the feelings of a wife, a mother, and a friend, are blotted out by such superficial ones as are the effect of books. She would faint at the idea of leaving her dear authors to attend the bed of sickness or miseries of poverty. She never felt those sublime emotions which arise from contemplating the glow of convalescence in a husband, in a child, or in a friend!—She never watched with more anguish the languid heaven bent eye of departing life—never smoothed its terrors—never whispered *redemption* and *a world to come!* Could she clasp in the agony of affliction the cold clammy hand of death, press its bloodless lips, or weep upon its mute inactive lineaments? Could she by the tender offices of love hush the departing soul, and quell its flutterings? Could she wipe the drops of agony

der through Racine, miſtake Taſſo, ſit ſtill at Virgil, and tear Homer in a pet; ſhe ſhall decline nouns like a ſchoolboy, and conjugate verbs like a boarding-ſchool miſs; ſhe ſhall, laſtly, be able to write eſſays with little labour, and compoſe ſonnets on love extempore.

On the contrary, a domeſtic woman is, according to my motto, one who 'ſtudies Houſehold good, and in her huſband good works to promote.'

She is neither the enthuſiaſt of Homer, nor the deſciple of Plato. It is of little conſequence to her whether Shakeſpeare be ſpelt with or without the *e*; whether Virgil had an aſthma, or Horace rheumatic eyes. She is happy if ſhe can render her huſband ſo and her offspring.

'She aſks no ſeraph's wing, no angel's fire,
To be, contents her natural deſire.'

In her domeſtic ſphere of action ſhe finds ſufficient opportunities to gratify her heart with innocent recreations; and ſhe leaves thoſe ſtudies, ſuited only to the conceptions of man, which would draw her aſide from her *duty* and *obedience*.* But this character I ſhall draw more largely in its proper place, while we proceed to conſider that of the literary woman.

She who binds herſelf by the moſt ſolemn vows to a man for life, and invokes the Almighty to ratify thoſe vows, ſhould tremble how ſhe dares violate them. She binds herſelf in the preſence of God and man, to 'obey, ſerve, love, and honour him, to keep him in ſickneſs and in health, and, forſaking all other, keep only unto him!' What more ſolemn proteſtations can be made? Every excuſe would be inſufficient to palliate a breach in them, but *one*—when the huſband, forſaking the laws of nature and reaſon, acts towards her without the

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If every woman would conſider how ſacred are their duties in the marriage ſtate, how they offend againſt God in neglecting them, and how alſo they incur the cenſure and contempt of mankind by ſuch neglect, there would, I conceive, be wanting no arguments to perſuade them to a ſtrict diſcharge of thoſe duties. Can we contemplate in nature a more grand or pleaſing object than a woman exerciſing herſelf in the double character of a wife and mother?—Can there, in the whole ſcale of exiſtence, occur a more noble, a more exalted ſphere of action? Where can a woman ſhine with ſo much luſtre as in the boſom of her family? Where do ſo many occaſions offer themſelves for the diſplay of every virtue under Heaven? How delightful is the taſk to inſtil into the pliant mind of infancy the firſt principles of love, piety, benevolence, juſtice, and charity! To faſhion under your hands, perhaps, the future ſaviour of his country. What pen can deſcribe the complicated feelings of a mother, when her infant joy riſes to manhood, and grows, all that her moſt ſanguine hopes could wiſh, or enthuſiaſtic imagination form. Hail, happy mother! who thus reapeth the harveſt of thy troubles! She, joyful, ſees all thoſe virtues in perfection, which coſt her ſo many anxious hours to engraft. She ſees him eſteemed by his ſuperiors, beloved by his equals, and reſpected by his inferiors. She beholds him ennobled and dignified by the exerciſe of manly and unerring virtue. A woman capable of rearing ſuch a ſon, who can tell her joys? They are endleſs! She hourly receives new gratifications from objects apparently trivial! To ſmooth the pillow of languid illneſs warms her heart with rapture! To pour balm into the agonized boſom of woe exalts her into extacy! To dry the tears of ſuffering innocence, to ſtrain to her boſom the victim of deſpair, to exhilirate with joy the child of penury, and to invigorate with health the corrupted with diſeaſe, fit her for Heaven and her God! Can ſuch bliſs become the inmate of Fauſtina's heart? No. In her the feelings of a wife, a mother, and a friend, are blotted out by ſuch ſuperficial ones as are the effect of books. She would faint at the idea of leaving her dear authors to attend the bed of ſickneſs or miſeries of poverty. She never felt thoſe ſublime emotions which ariſe from contemplating the glow of convaleſcence in a huſband, in a child, or in a friend!—She never watched with more anguiſh the languid heaven-bent eye of departing life—never ſmoothed its terrors—never whiſpered *redemption* and *a world to come!* Could the claſp in the agony of affliction the cold clammy hand of death, preſs its bloodleſs lips, or weep upon its mute inactive lineaments? Could ſhe by the tender offices of love huſh the departing ſoul, and quell its flutterings? Could ſhe wipe the drops of agony

which burſt from the brow of ſtruggling nature? Could ſhe behold the outward workings of the ſoul forcing its way and impatient to be gone? No! In her the ſprings of natural affection are withered, and dried up by pretended ſtoicism. She would rather appear and act like a pſeudo Spartan matron, than be thought poſſeſſed of feeling and humanity. Such a character, ſo juſt, and yet ſo deſpicable, bids me hold my pen; to aggravate it were needleſs, to extenuate it were folly. To it muſt be attached thoſe exceptions from which nothing human is exempt, and its accuracy then admits of no diſpute.

*May* 4, 1808. D.

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*Compariſon of Style in the Epiſtolary Correſpondence of Men of Faſhion of the preſent Day.*

MR. EDITOR,

*IN* the extenſive view which you have taken of men and manners, you have, doubtleſs, noticed the two very remarkable *ſpecies* of men of faſhion of the preſent day of which it is my deſign to give the particular deſcription. The principal of theſe, becauſe the moſt numerous may be denominated the ſtable-boy gentleman: the other has a mixed character, half French, half Engliſh, and, in the modern phraſe among themſelves, is called a *Koué*, a word which in its true illuſtration, means a depraved libertine perfectly well bred, very proud, very ſtately, very ſilent, and an exquiſite *Gourmand*. The laſt being ſeems ſcarcely to move on the face of the earth, and never moves nor ſpeaks without the moſt abſolute neceſſity for ſo doing, is never ſeen to do more than ſmile, ſwears coolly and deliberately, and is graceful in every diſgraceful action of his life, the other is a totally different creature, fully as deſtitute of all ſentiment, but more ſocial, fond of talking, walking, racing, hopping, ſhooting, and fighting, laughs heartily, ſwears roundly, and is ungraceful even in his beſt actions, the one has little or no morals, the other no affectation of any, they are in mind nearly on a level, in manners totally different. In matters of taſte they are at oppoſite extremes: the laſt chooſes French dinners, French wines, keeps a French valet, and conſtantly interlards his converſation with French; the firſt hates French, becauſe he cannot even ſpeak Engliſh. If theſe two were to meet, they would be completely at a loſs to underſtand each other: the one would look as erect as a Vauxhall ſavoyard playing on the reeds, and the other as careleſs as a Catabaw Indian: one would preſent himſelf with a ſlovenly gait, like Dutch Sam, and the other with a ſtiff air like the dead Harlequin of a pantomime. It muſt be underſtood, however, that theſe two characters are gentlemen: their manners ſuit their minds, and their minds their manners: they have each a certain ſet of ideas, beyond which neither of them venture to travel, for fear they ſhould be loſt in a maze: they ſerve completely to contradict the doctrine of primary notions purely intellectual, and ſhew that with both theſe ſpecies the intelligencies are received with conſiderable difficulty, and that the taſk of combining is one of infinite labour. But to continue the portraits: the one ſays little, becauſe he has little or nothing to ſay; the other talks, but it is all that he has to ſay. To ſpeak as a philoſopher, I am perfectly at a loſs to conjecture the uſe of either genius; but I imagine that they are actually of ſome ſervice to ſociety, as they are alike prodigal of money, which they are continually throwing out of their pockets to ladies of pleaſure, gamblers, and faſhionable tradeſpeople, from which it circulates into purer channels and, by the irreſiſtible decrees of Providence, beſtows happineſs where the owners never meant, and

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againſt their will, vice even becomes beneficial, and folly uſeful. But leſt that I may have miſtaken the character of my men, I encloſe you two letters, one from each; the ſtyles are, as you will obſerve, totally different, and will diſplay the parties much better for themſelves than I can do for them. They are not aware of theſe my commentaries, and I am not known otherwiſe than as your humble ſervant,

*March* 10, 1808. THE MAN IN THE COCKED HAT.

*To the Man in the Cocked Hat.*

SIR,

Having been informed that you are what they call an eſſayiſt, and have the knack of telling people their own, and that you like to quiz the multitude, I wiſh very much that you would juſt *row* a little a queer *homo* or two, who have taken upon themſelves, in ſeveral papers and things, to ſcold and bully us, who are upon a better *footing* in the world than themſelves, I mean, we gentlemen who have made ourſelves famous for walking againſt Time, and whoſe *time* being our own, we think we have a right to do with it as we pleaſe. Doubtleſs, mr. Eſſayiſt, theſe fellows are of the old ſchool, and wear cocked hats in the morning. I don't mean any reflections, for without queſtion yours muſt be a dreſs hat. Theſe geniuſes, ſir, have never been admitted into good company, and therefore can ſtand no chance with us, who have a *feed* now and then at the firſt tables. It will not be a difficult matter for you, mr. Man in the Cocked Hat, who are up to this trick of it, to ſay a number of good things in our defence: for inſtance; that we have a right to put the *beſt leg* forwards; that we muſt *keep moving*: that we have more occaſion (our habits in life being genteeler) for *leg bail* than they have; that we are uſed to *out-run* the conſtable; and that we don't ſtand at a trifle. It is true, that ſome queer fellows among them may reply, that though we go on at the d—l of a rate, we never get *forward*, and that *the more haſte the worſe ſpeed*. However, mr. Eſſayiſt, you do the beſt you can to keep us in countenance, and I'll, in return for the favour, introduce you to ſome of *us*, who will put any body elſe out of countenance. There's my friend captain Clodhopper, of the light infantry, who is as high finiſhed in the fancy for fun as you can deſire: he will teach them *hoop and wheel, jumping the butts, hopping the furlong*, and all the faſhionable ſports: he is a great *goer*; he's the boy for the ſeven leaguers: we call him, in the meſs, *Father Long-legs*: and it is aſtoniſhing the wit that ſometimes paſſes about *paſt ſhoes*, *Shank's nag*, and ſo forth. You know, I ſuppoſe, that a man of rank and faſhion can be vulgar whenever he pleaſes without any imputation; having been brought up at Eton, or Wincheſter, or Harrow, is enough. We ſhew off in great ſtyle when we have finiſhed our education, I aſſure you. We havn't been *hand in glove* with Mendoza and Dutch Sam for nothing. I think that, after a little confab, thoſe ſlow moving geniuſes will ſtand no more chance with us than *Bob Waddle* againſt *Bill Scamper*, as my honeſt friend *Pat Flyaway* ſays. There, now, is another good fellow; his race is generally againſt the bailiffs, and ſometimes a hard match it is. Matters run ſometimes very croſs with Pat. It is a plaguy hard thing to be poor, and to be *cut* by the money-lenders. Pat is a fellow of ſome humour. A few days ago he met the captain of his company, who was not quite ſo poor as himſelf. 'By my ſoul, captain,' ſays he, 'I'm glad to ſee you; and where do you *feed* to day now?' —'I am going to take a ſteak and a pint of wine,' replied the officer,

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'at the firſt coffee-houſe I come to.' —'And tell me now how ſtands the ſtuff; have you enough for two, honey?'—'Why, faith, the ſtuff runs rather taper.'—'Come along wid me! Come along wid me! I'll take ye, honey, to a nice *chapſe* bit of a ſhop of my own, where you'll be well ſerved.' Pat kept his word; for he took his brother officer to a cook's ſhop, and ordered two plates of beef. The captain, after ſurveying the room, and the manner in which dinner was ſerved up, began to look ſerious. 'I can't ſay, ſir, that I think you have uſed me well, to bring me to a cook's-ſhop, when you know that I viſit a great many genteel families hereabouts, and in the next ſquare at my lord Carburton's: ſuppoſe, now, that ſome of his lordſhip's ſervants ſhould happen to drop in and ſee me here.'—'Be *aſey*, can't ye: *ate* your *baſe* man, and be quiet: do you ſuppoſe, now, that my lord Carburton's ſervants would come to ſuch a *blackguard* place as this?'

I could introduce you, mr. Eſſayiſt, to a great many more of us, who would delight you with their converſation. There's Jack Sample, too, a ſpirited fellow: though to be ſure he is too refined for a gentleman, but he improves hourly, and will do when we can get him to drop decorum and ſink ſobriety, and when he's not ſo much of a martyr to morals and manners. There's my lord Huggermugger is a very friendly man, and does every thing his wife bids him; I'll ſpeak to her. His lordſhip looked ſo ſilly the other day, you can't think: it was hands round in a country dance, and the peer fell flat on his back: his lordſhip looked ſo funny when he got upon his legs again, and his chubby cheeks were as red as Dame Aurora's in a paſſion. His lordſhip is the beſt man in the world to aſk a favour of, and has no power to deny; for he couldn't look with more conſequence than a *pig* for the life of him. He and I are as friendly as *Sudbury* and *Monkey*.

Now, mr. Eſſayiſt, having ſaid thus much, I hope that you will give theſe heroes a lecture in your magazine, that they may give us a little more elbow-room in the world. So as they let me go my *own* way, I have no objection to their going their's, and that's the way moſt people like to go after all. So I ſubſcribe myſelf, mr Eſſayiſt,

Yours truly,
FRANK TIPTOE.

*March* 15, 1808.

P. S. I keep but a *funny* account at my banker's, but if at any time a poſt dated cheque may be uſeful, as they ſay authors always want money like us, you are welcome to it; perhaps it may be paid.

The other letter is as follows:—

*Enverite mon cher* man in the cocked hat, *il fant avouer que vous etes un terrible ſatariſt*: not that I have any objection to your abuſing my friends and relations; the laſt are *diſtant* ones, I aſſure you. If it were not too much trouble, I could *deployer* the character of ſome *de ces droles perſonages*; and I will do ſo whenever you will do me the honour to take a dinner with me. I will give you an excellent *matelotte de carpe et d'anguille, gigot d'agneau aux champignons, ſalade de volaille, &c. &c. du vin excellent, du caſè et des liqueurs, parfait amour et abſynthe.* It muſt be very entertaining to dine with an eſſayiſt, he muſt be ſo full of anecdote; only take care don't *m'enviſager*; I cannot bear criticiſm, it would diſturb me. But I dare ſay that you only level your ſhafts at the vulgar great; people who have been, or ought to have been, *des roturiers, ou quelque choſe comme o'a.* I would engage you, my dear eſſayiſt, to ſpeak of the neceſſity of liberality among the heads of families of us

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*gens de condition* in their allowances, that we might live in the ſplendor and magnificence ſuited to our rank. I aſſure you, that without ſome ſuch aſſiſtance from your pen, many, as well as myſelf, will be in a fair way *pour aller a l'hopital, c'eſt mortifiant n'eſt ce pas.* My allowance is far ſhort, ſir, of my eſtabliſhment; *maiſon de ville, chateau, maiſon de campagne pour Madame W——, un autre pour Mad. C——, une rente viagére pour Mad. L——, et pluſieurs autre rentes viagéres eu meme cas. Vous voyez que j'ai beſoin de vos bon conſeils: ne m'abandonnez pas dans ce moment critique. Je veux vous preſenter une tabatiére ſuperbe; et croyez que je ſuis, avec la plus parfaite conſideration, Monſieur Man in the Cocket Hat,*

*Votre tres humble ſerviteur,*

GEO. LUSTRE.

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*The Effects of Avarice. An Oriental Tale.*

*THERE* dwelt at Bagdad an old merchant, named Abow Caſſem, noted for his avarice; although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags; his turban was of the coarſeſt cloth, and ſo dirty that it was difficul to diſtinguiſh the colour; but of all his whole dreſs, his ſlippers were what merited moſt the attention of the curious: the ſoles were armed with large nails, and the upperleathers were an aſſemblage of botches: the famous ſhip of Argos had not ſo many pieces in it; and ſince they had been ſlippers, which was about ten years, the moſt ſkillful coblers in all Bagdad had exhauſted their ſkill to keep them together. They were even become ſo heavy that they paſſed into a proverb; and when any one wanted to expreſs a thing that was remarkably clumſy—Caſſem's pantouffles were always the object of compariſon.

One day as this merchant was walking in the Bazar, (the public market of the city) an offer was made him of a large quantity of chryſtal, of which he made an advantageous purchaſe. Hearing ſome days after that a perfumer, whoſe affairs were in a ruinous ſtate, had ſome excellent roſe water to ſell, which was his laſt reſource, he inſtantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought the roſe-water for half its value: this new bargain put him into good humour; however, inſtead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the cuſtom of the merchants of the eaſt, when they have made a fortunate purchaſe, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been a long time. As he was undreſſing, a perſon whom he took to be his friend, (for the covetous rarely have any real ones) told him that his pantouffles were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. I have thought of it a long time, replied Caſſem, but they are not ſo bad yet but they may ſerve a little longer. During this converſation he was quite undreſſed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing the cadi of Bagdad came likewiſe to bathe. Caſſem coming out before the judge paſſed firſt into the dreſſing-room—and having put on his clothes, he ſought in vain for his pantouffles, in the place of which he diſcovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant perſuaded, becauſe he wiſhed it ſo, that the perſon who had juſt rebuked him about his old ſlippers, had made him a preſent of a new pair, put them on his feet without heſitation, and he quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being ſaved the expence of buying.

When the cadi had done bathing, his ſlaves looked about for their maſter's pantouffles, inſtead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Caſſem's. The cadi's officers were directed

reſe in que o the ſuſpected thief, and finding him with ſtolen effects upon him, after exchanging the pantouffles, the cadi ſent him to priſon; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromiſe the matter with the cadi by the payment of a conſiderable ſum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Caſſem, for very ſpite, threw his ſlippers into the Tigris, which ran under his windows. Some days after, a fiſherman pulling up his net, found it heavier than uſual, which was owing to the weight of the pantouffles, the nails of which had catched hold of his net, and broke ſeveral of the meſhes. The poor fiſherman, enraged at Caſſem and his ſlippers, took it in his head to fling them in at the windows, and he threw them in with ſuch force, that he overſet the chryſtal vaſes that decorated the corniſhes and mantle-pieces of the room, and one of them likewiſe ſtruck the bottle containing the roſe water, and daſhed it to pieces.

Figure to yourſelf (if you can) the agonies of Caſſem on beholding this ſcene of deveſtation: 'Curſed pantouffles,' exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard 'you ſhall not do me any further miſchief:'—ſo ſaying, he took up a ſpade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours who had for a conſiderable time owed him an ill office, ſeeing him turn up the ground, ran to the governor and told him, that Caſſem had juſt taken up a hidden treaſure from the ground.—This was ſufficient to rouſe the curioſity of the commandant; and our miſer in vain remonſtrated that he had not diſcovered any gold, but was only burying his curſed ſlippers. The governor had made ſure of the money, and the moſt unfortunate Caſſem could not get his liberty without a handſome preſent.

The diſtracted old man now gave his pantouffles moſt heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great diſtance from the city, imagining he ſhould hear no more of them: but the devil, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and cauſed an inundation in an adjoining garden. The owner, on diſcovering the cauſe, took the ſlippers to the cadi, and demanded ſatisfaction for the damages they had occaſioned. The unhappy owner was once more committed to priſon and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger ſum than the two former, after which the cadi would by no means detain his property, reſtored him his choice pantouffles. Caſſem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm, now determined to burn them; but as they had imbibed a a great deal of water, he ſet them on the terrace on the top of his houſe to dry in the ſun. But fortune had not yet exhauſted her quivers againſt this unhappy man; and ſhe now dealt him a more cruel ſtroke than all the reſt. A young dog in the next houſe, perceiving the ſlippers, leaped from his maſter's terrace to Caſſem's, and ſeizing one of them in his mouth, played his gambols with it, till at laſt the pantouffles fell over the parapet, and unhappily it fell on a woman with child who was paſſing along the ſtreet before Caſſem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miſcarry:—her huſband carried his complaints to the cadi, and Caſſem was condemned to make him a recompenſe equal to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this freſh misfortune he ran home, and taking his pantouffles in his hands, he went to the cadi. 'Behold,' ſaid he, 'my lord, the fatal inſtruments of all my ſufferings: theſe curſed pantouffles have beggared me: deign therefore to publiſh a decree

that

that I may not be responsible for the ills they may yet occasion.' The cadi could not refuse so reasonable a request; and Cassem at length, by dear bought experience, learned the fatal effects of avarice.

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*Ancient Welch Customs respecting Adultery and Seduction.*

*IF* a wife proved unfaithful to her husband's bed, the poor cuckold was obliged to pay his superior five shillings as long as he *cydgysgu*, (i. e. slept with her:) but if he forebore cohabiting with her, and she *cydgysgu'd* with her gallant, the fine fell on the offending fair.

To cuckold the prince was expiated at a very high rate:—the offender was fined in a gold cup and cover, as broad as his majesty's face, and as thick as a ploughman's nail, who had ploughed nine years, and a rod of gold as tall as the king, and as thick as his little finger.

To recompence a virgin, who had been seduced, and who complained that her lover had deserted her, it was ordered by the court that she was to lay hold of the tail of a bull, of three years old, introduced through a wicker door, and shaven, and well greased. Two men were to goad the beast: if she could by dint of strength, retain the bull, she was to have it by way of satisfaction; if not, she got nothing but the grease that remained in her hand. L.

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*Extracts from an old Churchwarden's Book belonging to the Parish of Basingborne, in Cambridgeshire.*

'*MEMORANDUM.* Received at the play held on St: Margarets-day A: D: MDXI: in Basingborn, of the holy Martyr ST. GEORGE.

'Received of the Township of Royston xi$^{s}$, Tharfield vi$^{s}$, viii$^{d}$, Melton v$^{s}$, iii$^{d}$, Lillington x$^{s}$, vi$^{d}$, Whaddon iv$^{s}$, iiii$^{d}$, Steeplemenden iii$^{s}$, Barly iv$^{s}$, i$^{d}$, Ashwell iii$^{s}$, Abingdon iii$^{s}$, iv$^{d}$, Orwell iii$^{s}$, Wendy ii$^{s}$, ix$^{d}$, Wimpole ii$^{s}$, viii$^{d}$, Meldreth ii$^{s}$ iv$^{d}$ Arrington ii$^{s}$, iv$^{d}$, Shepreth ii$^{s}$ iv$^{d}$. Kelsey ii$^{s}$, v$^{d}$ Willington i$^{s}$ x$^{d}$ Fulmer i$^{s}$, viii$^{d}$ Gilden Morden i$^{s}$ Tadlow i$^{s}$ Croydon i$^{s}$ i$^{d}$ Hattey x$^{d}$ Wratlingworth ix$^{d}$ Hastingfield ix$^{d}$ Barkney viii$^{d}$ Foxten iv$^{d}$ Kneesworth vi$^{d}$.

'Item received of the Town of Basingborn on the Monday and Friday after the play together with other comers on the Monday, xiv$^{s}$ v$^{d}$

Item received on the Wednesday after the play with a pot of ale at Kneesworth all costs deducted, i$^{s}$, viii$^{d}$

'Expences of the said play.

'First paid to the Garnement Man for Garnements and Propyrts and play-books, xx$^{s}$

'To a Mynstrel and three Waits of Cambridge for the Wednesday, Saturday and Monday Two of them the first day and Three the other days, v$^{s}$ xi$^{d}$

'Item in expences on the Players, when the play was shewed, in bread and ale and for other Vittails at Royston for those players, iii$^{s}$ ii$^{d}$.

'Item in expences on the playday for the bodies of vi Sheep xxiid each, ix$^{s}$ ii$^{d}$

'Item for three Calves and half a Lamb, viii$^{s}$ ii$^{d}$

'Item paid five days board of one Pyke Propyrte making for himself and his Servant one day and for his horses pasture vi days, i$^{s}$ iv$^{d}$

'Item paid to Turners of Spits and for Salt, ixd

'Item for iv Chickens for the Gentlemen, iv$^{d}$

'Item for fish and bread and setting up the stages, iv$^{d}$

'Item to John Becher for painting of three Fanchoms and four Tormentors

'Item to Giles Ashwell for easement of his Croft to play in, i$^{s}$

'Item

'Item to John Hobarde Brotherhood Prieſt for the playbook, ii$^{s}$ viii$^{d}$.

This performance ſeems to have aſſumed a higher dramatic character than the common ſtage plays of ancient times; for, although it was exhibited in a large encloſed field in the open air, and upon raiſed ſtages, yet we find by the preceding items that it was *written*; whereas the ſtage plays in general were traditional and oral, tranſmitted from one age to the other through the medium of the memory. There have been many plays on the ſubject of the holy and warlike martyr, St. George; but if we might venture to give an opinion upon this piece, we ſhould obſerve, that as the drama was more regular, ſo the actors were of a higher claſs than the common performers of ſtage plays, as appears by their having availed themſelves of profeſſional aſſiſtance; ſuch as the minſtrel, the property man, and the painter, and by the four chickens provided for the *gentlemen*. It would have given us great pleaſure if the *MS.* of this curious production had been preſerved. What part of the adventures of the legendary hero was ſeized upon by the bard, whom we believe to have been John Hobarde, or how the fanchoms (phantoms) and tormentors were employed, it would now be uſeleſs to endeavour to conjecture.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*Endymion the Exile.*

## LETTER III.

*I NEED* not tell thee, who wert born, and will probably die on the banks of the Seine, that it is the foible of our countrymen to give mountainous names to mole-hill objects. Thou and I, my dear Ambroſe, have often ſhaken our ſides in ſympathy, at the gaſconade of Sterne's Pariſian barber, who, by way of recommending the buckle of a new wig to the intended purchaſer, exclaimed —'You may immerſe it in the ocean, and it will ſtand.' The builders of Paris have given to certain incloſures, in and about that city, the impoſing titles of *Campus Martius*, and *Elyſian Fields*; and yet I muſt confeſs to thee, in a whiſper, that a Roman emperor would, during life, have felt himſelf and his army rather cramped in a drilling ground like the one, and after death, with Virgil's hexameters yet floating in his memory, would have experienced ſomething far ſhort of eternal happineſs in a retreat like the other. The ſponſors, who ſuperintended the baptiſm of London, acted a more manly part. Thoſe elegant public promenades towards the weſt, not to be equalled in Europe, are ſimply called *The Parks*, whilſt the ſquares and public buildings, in general, are known by the moſt ſimple and uninviting epithes, as though the builders had determined to beſtow on theſe ſtrangers, who do not chuſe to viſit them, the moſt unequivocal permiſſion to go elſewhere. Their *Chelſea hoſpital* is a noble ſtructure, and might be called a *palace*; but candour obliges me to add, that their *St. James's palace* is an ignoble ſtructure, and might be called an *hoſpital*. I was lately much ſtruck, in my rambles through the city, with a magnificent Grecian building. I aſked a young man in embroidered pantaloons, who was iſſuing from under the portico, its name, and he told me it was the *India Houſe*. 'You muſt be miſtaken, ſir,' anſwered I; 'this is no Indian Pagoda, it is more like a Grecian temple.' 'I cannot poſſibly be wrong,' replied the youth of many ſeams, making me a bow, 'for I am a clerk in it at a ſalary of one hundred pounds per annum.' The building, it muſt be confeſſed, whether Indian or Grecian, forcibly ſtrikes the eye of a ſtranger, and I have no doubt would be a ſource of permanent admiration to any man, who, being honoured with

with an acquaintance with a peruque maker oppoſite, could command a view of it from a firſt floor. A ſtranger in the land, like myſelf, placed in the midſt of *Leadenhall-ſtreet*, and elbowed by a deluge of people, could not raiſe his eyes without compromiſing the ſafety of his noſe. I was in the act of gazing at that ſtructure, and admiring the allegorical figure of his ambi-dextrous majeſty at the top, when a tawny vender of Italian images tilted his board, with its motley freight, againſt my ſhoulder, and in a moment thy poor *Endymion* lay ſprawling in the mud, in unifon with *Bonaparte*, *Weſtley*, *Belcher*, a *black poodle*, and a *green ſquirrel*.

From the *India houſe* the tranſition is but ſhort to the *manſion houſe*, whoſe *Egyptian hall* is decorated with multitudes of ſtuffed mummies on the annual election of the lord mayor. This '*laboured quarry above ground*' was reared by an architect celebrated for making heavy churches and ſprightly comedies, a ſure way, in either caſe, to build for immortality! As to the celebrated *bank of England*, it bears the appearance of a congreſs of ſtones, met, heads and tails, to congratulate each other on their eſcape from the perils of chaos. *Talleyrand* calls it *a huge mauſoleum, ſacred to the memory of departed bullion*; but as he is an intereſted witneſs, his teſtimony muſt be taken *cum grano ſalis*. Having alluded to *ſir John Vanbrugh's* churches, allow me to enlarge upon that topic. The pious *queen Anne* built I do not know how many of them, to give to all her good ſubjects of London, an equal chance of reaching Heaven, and, with a laudable partiality, ſcattered her ſteeples in ſuch irregular maſſes, and ſuch odd holes and corners, that an inhabitant of London may viſit the altar twice in every Sunday throughout his life, without letting his neighbour know any thing of the matter. If he be religious, and aſhamed to own it, (no uncommon character here) and has no diſlike to the diſcord of bell-clappers, he has only to ſally forth on a Sunday morning, and, after looking about him to ſee if the coaſt is clear, pop down the next blind alley, and it is ten to one he finds himſelf in a magnificent gothic church, at firſt inſpired by a jig from the organ-loft and afterwards exhorted by a guttural curate, and a naſal clerk. Does not this remind thee of the *Arabian Tales*, where we ſometimes read of a black-ſlave, and a dark paſſage, leading the lucky lover to a ſplendid ſaloon, adorned with emeralds, houris, coffee, and wax candles? Such was the religious benevolence of good *queen Anne*, who, in the words of a contemporary poet, ſeemed reſolved to '*do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame:*' and I am led to believe that the faſhion of building churches expired with that venerable lady. Not that I would have thee ſuppoſe the good people of this city to be devoid of all clerical conveniencies. On the contrary there are *chapels of eaſe*, and *quaker*, *preſbyterian*, and *methodiſt meetings*, enough in all conſcience, but none of theſe are poſſeſſed of that old-faſhioned ornament, a ſteeple. The celebrated *John Bunyan* is ſaid to have ſtyled that excreſcence *the devil's extinguiſher to put out the taper of true faith*, and from ſo ſeldom finding it on modern houſes of religion, I am led to ſuppoſe the opinion prevalent at this day. For my own part, I feel a ſort of penchant for a ſteeple. It often guides the pilgrim in his progreſs through woody and perplexed diſtricts, and I think (with all deference to the author of the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*) that will not much impede his journey to another world.

A ſtranger who enters London from the county of Surrey, finds himſelf, before he reaches the turn-

pike, in St. George's Fields, near a methodiſt chapel, on which theſe words—'*The Houſe of God*,' are inſcribed in large characters. If he be ſuch an irreligious Levite as to ſlight this intimation, and croſſes over the way to purſue his journey to the metropolis, he finds, on paſſing the turnpike, an *octagon chapel*, on the right, frowning defiance on the *Royal Circus* oppoſite, and warning ſtray ſouls not to prefer ſtage to pulpit pantomime. I am credibly informed that the founder of this tenement, who is a man of education and ſome humour, intends to invite claſſical countrymen to his conventicle, by inſcribing the following lines, from Virgil, on the gates of the aforeſaid turnpike:

Hic locus eſt, partes ubi ſe via findit in ambas:
*Dextera*, quæ Ditis magni ſub mœnia tendit;
Hâc iter Elyſium nobis: at *læva* malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.*

Do not, my dear Ambroſe, contract thy ſable brows, and cry 'nonſenſe,' at theſe irregular remarks, for they ſerve to beguile the ſolitude, to which my inability to keep pace with the expenſive amuſements of this great city ſometimes condemns me. A lank purſe is an evil, but, in my opinion, a lank countenance is a greater. Moreover I am but an inſignificant performer in the ſeven act farce of life,† then why ſhould'ſt thou wiſh to make me dance in the fetters of Ariſtotle? The unities of time and place have been ſo ſadly violated in the hiſtory of thy baniſhed friend, that ſurely he may be permitted now and then to overlook them in his letters.

NOTES.

* 'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides: (guides;
The *right*, to fields Elyſian ſafely
The *left* to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends; (ſhi'd fiends.
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd
*Dryden.*

† The writer ſeems by this expreſſion to allude to the ſeven ages of Shakeſpeare. *Trans.*

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*The Deſerted Wife. Letter from a Deſerted Wife in America, to a Faithleſs Huſband.*

'MY DEAR HUSBAND,

*I WHO* had expected your return from Europe with painful anxiety—who had counted the ſlow hours which parted you from me—think how I was ſhocked at hearing you would return no more, and that you had ſettled with a miſtreſs in a diſtant ſtate. It was for your ſake that I lamented. You went againſt my earneſt entreaties; but it was with a deſire which I thought ſincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for your little ones, whom you ſaid you could not bear to ſee brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the diſappointment, in not ſharing the riches which I hear you have amaſſed, but I ſcorn it.—What are riches compared to the delight of ſincere affection? I deplore the loſs of your love, I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am ſure, as ſuch miſtaken conduct muſt, terminate in miſery. But I mean not to remonſtrate. It is, alas! too late; I only write to acquaint you with the health, and ſome other circumſtances, of myſelf and thoſe little ones whom you once loved.

'The houſe you left us in could not be ſupported without any expence which the little ſum you left behind could not long ſupply. I have relinquiſhed it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretenſions to elegance, but we live in great neatneſs, and, by ſtrict economy, ſupply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our deſolate ſituation will allow. Your preſence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

'Poor

'Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you; and as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh, —'When will my dear papa return?' The others are constantly asking me the same questions; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp in the first syllables he ever uttered,—'When will papa come home?' Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool at my side, and as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa's.

'I do assure you I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence; but I cannot prevail on myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear (which I hide in a smile), and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence. I have taught them to mention you with the greatest ardour of affection in their morning and evening prayers, and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

'I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose that they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

'Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome: it affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy; and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

'Pardon my interrupting you; I mean to give you satisfaction — Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of and am your once loved, and still affectionate. 'EMILIA.'

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*Considerations on the Irish Character.*

MR. EDITOR,

*MY* surprize in observing such a wide distinction between the manners, dispositions, and genius of the natives of this and the sister island existed, when they were only divided from each other by a narrow gut of water that flowed between them; was only to be equalled by my joy in discovering, after an impartial view of the two national characters, at least as impartial as any man can view the merits of his fellow countrymen, when contrasted with those who are comparatively strangers, that superiority in their qualifications is much more characteristic of the Irish, than of the English nation.

Perhaps, sir, peculiarity of dialect is not the least remarkable incident between them, an incident which I conceive to be in a great degree indicative of a people's general manners and internal feelings. No doubt, sir, the national dialect of England is more the object of admiration, than that which is peculiar to the people of Ireland, inasmuch as it corresponds more with the general opinion of external merit, and is more congenial to the customs and fashions of the present day; and indeed, so great is the desire of conforming to those fashions, that I am sorry to say, I have had many melancholy opportunities of observing among Englishmen, some who would rejoice in an unworthy affectation of the dialect of this country, and who would forsake

their

their native one to avoid the ill-applied ſcandal that is attached to what is termed the *Iriſh brogue*, which ſame Iriſh brogue, when not canvaſſed with the faſhion of the day, is predictive of that liberality, frankneſs, and candour, which I truſt will ever remain the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the Iriſh people. Go, ſir, from the firſt and moſt opulent man in Ireland, to the loweſt and pooreſt of the peaſantry, and you will, upon a momentary interview with either, diſcover an ingenuouſneſs of diſpoſition, and a generoſity of heart, which inſures to a friend an affectionate and warm embrace, and to a ſtranger, a courteous and hoſpitable reception; and even when the narrow circumſtances of ſome will not enable them to extend aſſiſtance or ſuccour, yet their ſympathetic and benevolent manner will afford conſolation. Yet, ſince my arrival in England, I was under the painful neceſſity of hearing the lower claſs of people in Ireland, repreſented as a body of ſavage and illiterate ruffians, whoſe great delight conſiſted in the moſt barbarous and violent outrages that could be committed, and whoſe chief gratification was the inſulting every honeſt man who did not become a member of their villainous banditti. What depravity in human nature! What deficiency of candour and generoſity! What prejudices and prepoſſeſſions countries as well as individuals are ſubject to? What ſelfiſhneſs and illiberality have prompted thoſe living in one province, to propagate ſuch ungenerous and ſuch unfounded miſrepreſentations of thoſe living in the adjoining one! of thoſe to whom as they are now civilly united, they ſhould alſo be naturally benevolent. Sir the only way I ſee to reconcile thoſe erroneous and illiberal miſrepreſentations, is the certainty of their being made by thoſe who never viſited Ireland, and therefore by thoſe who had no fair opportunity of eſtimating the manners of the people, but who rather ſeem to have formed their opinion from the frequent diſturbances and calamitous inſurrections to which this unfortunate country has been ſubject; thoſe, no doubt, would be very rational grounds for a man to found his opinion on of the public political ſentiments of the country, but would conſtitute a moſt unfit ſtandard to compare the private and domeſtic manners of the people with. Many exemplifications of this might be found in the character of thoſe infatuated perſonages, who deſervedly ſuffered for their diſaffection to their conſtitution and country; but though their political principles had been contaminated, poſſeſſed in domeſtic life the moſt pure and benevolent hearts, and whoſe talents and underſtanding have excited both the envy and the admiration of their moſt profeſſed enemies. Some, ſir, are bold enough to aſſert, that the Iriſh in general are a fierce and ſavage people. But thoſe who would make ſuch an aſſertion, muſt either be totally ignorant of the diſpoſition of an Iriſhman, or of the meaning of the epithets they would attach to his character. What, ſir, is an Iriſhman fierce becauſe he is ſpirited and determined? Is an Iriſhman fierce becauſe he would be the firſt to puniſh a violation of honour, or of principle, when he would be the laſt to commit a breach of either himſelf? And, is an Iriſhman a ſavage becauſe he would prefer bravely terminating, at once his quarrel with a ſword, to indulging perpetually in invective and abuſe, and becauſe he would rather ſhake hands and become friends, than harbour in his breaſt the corroding pique of private reſentment? No, ſir, a true Iriſhman is neither fierce nor ſavage; the heart of an Iriſhman, ſir, to uſe the language of mr. Curran, 'is bold, and it loves; it is generous, and it gives: it is candid, and it confides; it is ſocial, and it affords hoſpitality.'

That

That the lower clafs of people in Ireland are more illiterate than thofe of England, fo far as having received more contracted educations, I cannot deny, and that very circumftance perhaps accounts for the blunt, the honeft manner they have of expreffing themfelves, and which moft probably has induced fome to ftigmatize the whole country with the appellation of half civilized barbarians. Indeed, I will not hefitate to fay, that the infatuation of the peafantry in Ireland, in the dreadful fcenes of riot which have of late years infefted that country, might be principally attributed to the contractednefs of their education; for it is eafy to conceive the influence of fair promifes and artful perfuafions over the infant mind without the help of reafon, and unaffifted by education; and it is not unreafonable to fuppofe, that the proclamation of liberty and equality might prejudice that people, whofe only knowledge is that they have a tyrant, and whofe fcience is abject fubmiffion. But, fir, though the loweft rank of the people in Ireland have the misfortune to exift without education; yet, even of them, natural genius is characteriftic; the frequent ufe of figurative language is peculiar even to that clafs of the people; perhaps, indeed, it is to that, together with the vaft extent of genius they poffefs, without having an education to affift them in the management of either, that thofe blunders called *Iriſh bulls*, are chiefly to be attributed. It certainly is (with regard to the higher ranks of the people) to the happy conjunction of all, that Ireland can to this day boaft of producing the greateft characters that ever adorned the annals of either country; I wifh, fir, that fhe were allowed more frequent opportunities of increafing the number of thofe characters by which, while fhe would be adding to the honeft pride of herfelf, fhe would at the fame time be effecting the eftablifhment of the dignity and independence of her fifter country.

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*Anecdotes.*

VANITY CHECKED.

*WHEN* the famous doctor Greathead, who had rifen in the church from a low origin, was promoted to the fee of Lincoln, feveral of his poor relations looked forward to favours and advancement; one in particular, a farmer, was importunate in his fuit, when the bifhop coolly replied, 'coufin, I would willingly mend your plough if it required it, or would even give you a new one; but a farmer I found you, and for me a farmer fhall you remain.'

Something analogous to this was the reply of James the firft, to a clown who had given him fome affiftance whilft hunting, and who requefted to be made a gentleman; 'In gude troth, my friend, you mun afk fomething elfe; I could mak you a lord, but God Almighty himfell, could na mak you a gentleman.'

ROYAL SIMILARITY.

A well-known Pindaric wit in the prefent age, has been accuftomed to allow his *Pegafus*, whilft prancing over the common, to fling dirt at the agricultural amufements of a revered perfonage; fuch purfuits however were the amufement and recreation of a monarch, who has emphatically been called *the Great*. We allude to Henry the fourth of France, who not only *perfonally* patronized agriculturifts, but was alfo a practical farmer himfelf, and took pride in making the Spanifh ambaffador, a man of high rank, and fupercilious manners, tafte fome wine made in his own vineyard; faying courteoufly to him, 'I aflure you I have not only a vineyard, but alfo fome fields, and fome cows under my own direction, and I have learned fo much of farming that I am convinced I could make a comfortable livelihood by it.'

*Britiſh*

*British Theatrical Journal.*

DRURY-LANE, MAY 2.

*THE Heir at Law—The Minor.* Mr. Banniſter took his benefit this evening, and as it ſeems to be an allowable thing, that an actor may do what he likes at ſuch a time, ſo mr. Banniſter performed the part of Dr. Panglos. There is, certainly, no part of human wiſdom ſo truly beneficial as ſelf knowledge: as a due and fair eſtimation of our own powers; but in public characters, nothing is more frequent, than to find a ſtrong ambition of univerſal talent; forgetful of their own peculiar excellence, they wiſh to intrude upon the province of others. Such was preciſely the caſe this evening. Mr. Banniſter is a comedian of very extenſive and popular powers; but thoſe powers have a limit, a truth of which we were never more ſenſible than on this occaſion.—He ſeems to have an unaccountable predeliction for mr. Fawcett's characters: we remember, ſome years ago, he played Caleb Quotem, on his benefit night. But he is totally unfit for either: in fact, theſe two characters were drawn for the actor, and it may therefore eaſily be conceived why mr. Fawcett ſhould ſo peculiarly ſucceed in them. Mr. Banniſter has neither the volubility, the pedantry, nor the humour of the former.

But on this evening he was not alone inferior. We never ſaw a play more indifferently repreſented, with the ſingle exception of mr. Johnſtone, the original Kenrick, and of Mathews, who performed Lord Duberly with that uncommon excellence, which he ſo amply poſſeſſes.—Mr. Ruſſell, in Dowlas, reminded us mournfully of poor Palmer; and, as uſual, he indulged the audience with a few ſpecimens of novel orthoepy, as *diſſoloot* for *diſſolute*, &c. Mr. De Camp, though a young man of very conſiderable abilities and much promiſe, performed Zekiel Homeſpun, without feeling, diſcrimination, or humour. Mrs. Jordan made her firſt appearance in Cicely Homeſpun, but we cannot ſay that ſhe ſucceeded: it is not in the delineation of ruſtic and artleſs ſimplicity that ſhe ſucceeds; but in exhibiting the union of villatic coarſeneſs of manner with the arch ſhrewdneſs of an untutored mind.—She did not conſequently, pleaſe us in Cicely, who is intended to be an artleſs, innocent, and kind-hearted country girl.

After the play ſucceeded Sylveſter Daggerwood, and various ſongs: but we ſaw nothing that amuſed us ſo much as Braham coming forward to ſing, with an opera hat under his arm, and half boots and pantaloons on: it was ſuch an agreeable mixture of right and wrong, as could not fail to 'elevate and ſurprize.'

9.] *The Wife of Two Huſbands—The Hunter of the Alps.* This intereſting drama was performed this evening, for the benefit of mr. Braham. Mr. Siddons made his firſt appearance in Count Belfior, but played it much inferior to Mr. Johnſtone, who, we remember, was the original repreſentative. The extreme debility of this gentleman's voice renders it a fruitleſs labour to liſten to him, unleſs we happen to be in the ſtage box.—Mr. Braham performed The Hunter, and introduced ſome new ſongs into the character. Palmer played Fitz, but in ſo deſpicable a manner, that he excited downright laughter in the moſt ſerious parts. Caulfield, who was the original Fitz, gave a great degree of intereſt to the part; his tall gaunt figure, combined with a hollow, ſepulchral tone of his voice, were well calculated for ſuch a character; but for mr. Palmer, we ſhould have been leſs diſpleaſed to ſee it performed by mr. Maddocks.

Why has mrs. Powell been kept ſo in the back ground this ſeaſon? We hope for one reaſon only: the want of a tragic actor to ſupport her; for

mr.

mr. Elliston seems, at length, to be gradually coming to a sense of his real powers. She played with great feeling and animation this evening: and we must do mr. Braham the justice to say, that he surprized us by a very marked improvement in his elocution.

After the play, was given an *Harmonic Meeting*, in which messrs. Braham, Smith, Gibbon, and Johnstone, sang: the latter a song about the virtues of the Prince! To this succeeded the *Hunter of the Alps*, and the audience could not complain of a deficiency of amusement.

11.] *Honey Moon—Caractacus.* It was mr. D'Egville's benefit this evening; and we notice it merely to say that madame Catalani made her appearance on the boards of this theatre. It will be needless to add, that such an event attracted a vast concourse of persons, and the lobbies presented such a scene as we never before witnessed, not even on the first appearance of master Betty. A great number of persons left the house, after having paid for their admission; and a still greater number sat down quietly upon the stairs in patient expectation of seeing something in the course of the evening. When madame Catalani appeared she was received with rapturous applause, and her wonderful powers excited the usual admiration. She sang, at the end of the second act of the play, a *new grand scena, a la pompa, in recitative and aria* and at the end of the fourth act, *Home told a flattering Tale, with variations.* In the latter she was astonishingly great.

After the play there was *Le Fete Chinoise*, in which most of the dancers from the opera house appeared.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday, April 29.] *Two Gentlemen of Verona—All's well that Ends well?* We are not of the number of those who consider this play as unworthy of revival: on the contrary, we think it an interesting drama, and highly deserving of a regular station on the boards of our theatres. Whether it be Shakspeare's or not, is a question distinct from its interest in representation; and, for our own parts, we think the labour which mr. Kemble has bestowed upon it to render it fit for a modern audience highly judicious, and most creditable to his taste and judgment. The character of Valentine, however, affords him but few opportunities for the display of his powers; yet, there are occasionally times where he rises to his accustomed elevation; and at all times, his dignity of manner and elegance of deportment confer such an undefinable grace upon the character as makes us forget its unimportance.—Mrs Smith played Julia, but indifferently. Munden and his dog were both so excellent, that we scarcely knew which to prefer.

May 6.] *The Tempest—The Review; or, The Wags of Windsor.* We consider this as an infinitely less interesting play, in representation, than the Two Gentlemen of Verona; but, in the closet, as Shakspeare wrote it, should they be considered as productions of the same pen?

Nel carchio accolto,
Mormoro potentissime parole.
TASSO.

Dryden and others, with their patch work, have infringed on the majesty of the bard of Avon, and produced a motley whole, which no real lover of Shakspeare can contemplate with acquiescence or approbation. Yet in this manner it is acted; though our judgments revolt against the infantile improbabilities of Hippolyto and Dorinda, and the suffocation of the former. Apart, however, from the consideration of this mutation, the piece is got up in a manner that leaves nothing to wish. Mr. Kemble, in Prospero, gives dignity and interest to a part which the bad

bad taſte of Garrick transformed to an opera character, and conſigned to a ſinger. His *witches* are ſtill a watchword for commotion; but we obſerved, that on this night, the approving voices predominated over the diſſentient ones. That this diviſion of the word into two ſyllables, in the plural, was ſometimes practiſed by the early poets is true; and in the line of Shakſpeare where it occurs in this play, it requires ſuch a diviſion to render the meaſure correct; thoſe therefore who have attempted to ridicule mr. Kemble, by ſuppoſing that he would ſay *tooth ach-e*, or *head-ach-e*, ſhow only their own ignorance of the motive and reaſon why, in this ſingle inſtance, he makes it a diſſyllabic word. Johnſon ſeems to have regarded this diviſion of it as uſual, in poetry, for the ſake of the meaſure; though in the ſecond example, which he has quoted from Swift, it is a monoſyllable:

A coming ſhower your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old *aches* will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.

We remember alſo to have met, ſomewhere in Hudibras, with a couplet, in which this word terminates a line as a diſſyllable in the plural, and which ſhews that the uſage at leaſt prevailed in his days. Butler might indeed be objected to as an authority, becauſe of the known laxity of his rhimes; but here he is called in only as an auxiliary.

The part of Caliban is ſuch a wild and fantaſtic creation of the poet's brain, that ſcarcely can it be hoped an actor will ever be found to pleaſe a reader of Shakſpeare in the performance of it. Mr. Emery, however, is not, we think, by any means, correct in his conception of it; he wants energy and force to depict the horrid workings of the ſavage, when he trembles and deprecates the potency of Proſpero's magic.

May 12.] *King Henry the Fourth, (part the firſt)—Who Wins?* This is the firſt time that this buſtling and animated play has been performed this ſeaſon. It is one that keeps the attention awake from the firſt to the laſt ſcenes; it has three prominent perſonages in it, in whoſe proceedings the ſpectator is equally intereſted: Hotſpur, Hal, and laſt, not leaſt, Falſtaff. Of mr. Kemble's performance of the firſt, we can ſpeak only in terms of the moſt enthuſiaſtic admiration. The fiery, the impetuous, the gallant Hotſpur, was never more forcibly depicted; the fire of his eye bore teſtimony to the eager workings of his mind, and the hurried reſtleſſneſs of his action beſpoke the vehemence of his character. His delivery of the firſt ſpeech, 'My liege, I did deny no priſoners, &c.' was maſterly; but it was only a prelude to the continuous excellence of the enſuing ſcene, in which his endeavours to recollect the name of Berkely Caſtle were ſo natural, ſo impatient, ſo eager, ſo varied, that you fancied you beheld before you the very man whom the pen of Shakſpeare had embodied. We conſider, indeed, the Hotſpur of Kemble as one of the perfect delineations of the modern ſtage. We wiſh we could ſay as much of mr. Cooke's Falſtaff; but there is a hardneſs in his manner, a want of richneſs and humour, which do not belong to him, 'who was not only witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit in others.' The range of this actor's powers is very limited: a truth he does not ſeem to be aware of. We object alſo to his pronouncing the word *gyves* with the hard *g*.

Mr. C. Kemble improves in his performance of the Prince of Wales, by giving it more eaſe and playfulneſs in the early part of the play; but ſurely it was a trip of the memory that ſuffered him to enunciate *lute*, as though it was ſpelled *loot*. Mr. Murray ranted leſs in Henry than he uſu-

ally

ally does, and therefore he played better.

18.] After the tragedy of *King Lear*, for the benefit of mr. C. Kemble, was produced, for the first time, a little interlude of one act, called, '*The Day after the Wedding*; or, *A Wife's first Lesson.*'

The story is the taming of a termagant; but it differs from the fable of *Catherine and Petruchio* in this particular, that Petruchio breaks the spirit of his wife entirely by violence; whereas the hero of this piece effects the reformation chiefly by working on his bride's feelings.

The dialogue is lively, the moral good; and the piece was very well received.

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*Original Dramatic Critique.*

*WE* shall confine our remarks to the after-season. Mr. Elliston made his first appearance (these two years) in the character of Octavian. Happy in the finest voice on the stage, it may naturally be imagined what such an actor must do with Octavian.—His frantic entrance—his scene at the Goatherd's—his reconciliation with Floranthe, were marked with the towering grandeur of original sentiment, and dignified with the most masterly and graceful elocution.

When we mention the *variety* of characters in which Elliston appears, the reader must be struck with surprize at the versatility of dramatic talent which he possesses.—What pieces of fine acting are his *Frederick*, in the after-piece *Of Age To-morrow!* and his *Deleval*, in *Matrimony!*—It will naturally be enquired, if he is equally excellent in the opposite characters in which he appears.—It may be fairly replied, If he is not *uniformly*, he is *generally* so.—His voice—one of the most harmonious that ever pealed its liquid notes on the human organ—is capable almost of any inflexion—and rises and falls with ease, grandeur, *and devoid of discordance*, from or to the highest sounds of anger, pity, resentment, or love. His conceptions (alike in tragedy as comedy) are grand, original, natural. He supports not the buskin with rant, or the sock with grimace.—His features seem better adapted to comic archness than tragic expression. But where the glow of indignation—or the frenzied emotions of superior agony demand that animation of the whole countenance, it must be owned, he is somewhat defective.—But he supplies its absence with the voice, with such sounds as no actor but himself can command: the glare of tragic expression undoubtedly belongs to John Kemble and his sister; but the harmonious power of voice, with all its diversified sounds and magical effects on the ear, is Elliston's.—His action, it should be remembered, is also, in the highest order, graceful; and his judgment strictly correct, as far as it regards the arrangement of the passions. In the difficult character of Cheviot, in Kenny's new comedy of '*The World*,' (a character abounding with absurdities, and which, in most hands would appear very ridiculous) he harmonizes the whole, and reduces it to the standard of humanity.

We were peculiarly struck with his *Belcour*.—The fire and vivacity with which he uttered the sentiments—the vigorous ease of his action—the elastic steps with which he seemed almost to

'Tread on fairy-ground,'

in short, his whole manner were so strictly in unison with the generous fiery West Indian, that he engrossed the attention and admiration of the whole house. We much doubt, if ever the following speech was so well delivered, when Stockwell asks him what has turned him so, on a sudden:

'A woman

'A woman, one that turns, and overturns me and my tottering refolutions as fhe will.—Oh, Sir, if this is folly in me, you muft rail at nature: you muft chide the fun that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakednefs, but fwaddled me in the broadeft, hotteft glare of his meridian beams.'

One of the morning prints fays, 'that *Ranger* has never been performed fo well fince the days of Garrick.'—This is high, we had almoft faid *unqualified* praife. On the moft mature confideration we are, however compelled to give it our aflent. Graceful amidft all his eccentricities, a polifhed gaiety fheds its luftre over the whole performance—his throwing the filver among the chairmen, and the fubfequent fcene with Clarinda were—taken as detached efforts—fine fpecimens of legitimate comedy; and his delivery of the following fentence to Mr Strictland, received the applaufe of the whole houfe, and in addition challenges that of the prefs:

'"Tis as you fay, Sir, when we are fober and reflect but ever fo little, we are forry and aflamed—aflamed and forry——and yet, the very next moment, we launch into the fame abfurdities.'

On Monday evening, (June 27,) mr Elliflon appeared before the public, (the fecond time fince his accident) in the arduous character of Macbeth.—He trod the ftage with his accuftomed eafe and gracefulnefs during the firft four acts, but in the fifth (owing to his exertions in the banquet fcene which is in the latter end of the fourth) he appeared very lame; and in his dying fcene two of the attendants were obliged to aflift him in his falling. We fear the accident may terminate ferioufly to this valuable performer.

Shakefpear took unufual pains with the Scottifh tyrant.—The fituations are highly favourable to the actor; and the rapid tranfitions from one paffion to another, with which the character abounds, give opportunity for the difplay of talent to the greateft advantage. Mr. Elliflon, although pre-eminently great in fome paffages, was, *upon the whole*, fadly defective. Mr. Young is a far better Macbeth—mr. Holman cafts him at an awful diftance—and Kemble ——— but between them criticifm in vain labours for the moft remote degree of comparifon.—We give mr. Elliflon much praife for his inattention to Roffe, previous to the foliloquy at the air drawn dagger, letting him repeat his queftion relative to the King's departure, before he anfwers; and his method of difmiffing the fervant.

'Get *thee* to bed.'

We fondly imagined that thefe preparatives were the prelude of fomething wonderful to come. But how were we difappointed by his ftarting in the front of the ftage, directing his eyes to catch the upper gallery, as though the imaginary weapon had been fufpended from its railing!—Mr. Garrick made a trembling reluctant ftep or two acrofs the ftage, and ftarted at the tremendous viflon, as though it croffed him in his path and prevented his entrance into the chamber—then darting his beaming eyes (fuppofing it to move forward) exclaimed in a tone of horror

'Thou marfheleft the way that I was going!—

a convulfive trembling of agony fhook his whole frame—when turning from it he gave vent to the feelings of remorfe—

'Such an inftrument was I to ufe!'

The audience plainly faw the effort to ftifle that remorfe, and (like a man who fummonfes defparation to an act of mifchief) he made an half halfty ftride toward the King's apartment which was ftopped by another terrific ftart at the dagger's abfence, bending his wonder-ftruck orbs of viflon on vacan

vacancy—and ſobbing (yet articulate!!!)

'There's no ſuch thing!!!
'*It is the bloody buſineſs*
'*That informs thus to mine eye!!!*'

This was the divine painting of nature herſelf.—But of this mr. Elliſton did not betray the moſt remote conception. Could he be unacquainted of the manner of Garrick:—If ſo, has he no friend to inform him of particulars ſo eſſential to an actor poſſeſſed of his powers and capabilities?—Or did he entertain the ridiculous hope of excelling that which the beſt judges of the ſtage almoſt deſpair of ever ſeeing equalled?

The ſcene after the murder, preſented us with none of thoſe horrible whiſperings which Kemble (to ſay nothing of mr. Garrick) ſo ſucceſsfully introduces.—However, in the exit (on the knocking at the ſouth entry) he roſe beyond all conception. The great effect in Elliſton's acting ariſes from his voice. And it is but juſtice to him, to obſerve that the anguiſh of remorſe, and the agonies of vain repentance never were more powerfully produced than in his

'WAKE, *Duncan, at this knocking*!
'WOULD THOU COULD'ST!!!!'

His banquet ſcene was more than half ſpoiled by the figure of the perſon (we forget who it was) that '*enacted*' the firſt Murderer—he looked exactly like an affrighted journeyman taylor who had juſt made his eſcape from the ſhop board!—It was Jerry Sneak turned butcher!

Mr. Bartley buſtled through the part of Macduff; but we could not help lamenting the abſence of Talbot. We hope it will be one of the firſt acts of our new adminiſtration, to reſtore that excellent actor to an admiring public.

Fullam really deſerves high praiſe for the malicious manner in which he ſpoke the 1ſt Witch. It was Shylock in petticoats, riding on a broom ſtick!

In the infernal ſcene mrs. Stewart ſang divinely. It may perhaps be obſerved that it was a little out of character.—Beſides ſhe is too pretty for a witch.

Hecate waved her wand with much pomp and ſolemnity, when ſhe looked *up* to Puck.

'M little ſpirit ſee
Sits in the *foggy cloud*, and waits for me.'

and all this while the little ſpirit and the foggy cloud were *at her feet!!!*

This witch ſcene and chorus is not Shakeſpeare's—it is ſir [illegible] Davenent's abſurd addition.—[illegible] ſurely Hecate (with the powerful aſſiſtance of the carpenters) refined on abſurdity!

Mr. N. Jones is an induſtrious actor:—we think we can, without flattery, a little compliment him on the ſcore of improvement. But, for the love of grace, or propriety, or what he pleaſes, we conjure him to reflect, the next time he enacts Banquo, and wears the large old military gauntlets on his bare arms, that it is as abſurd as if he were to walk down Dame-ſtreet with his legs naked, in a pair of boots!!!

Miſs Walſteins lady Macbeth is a fine piece of acting; but we wiſh ſhe would take a little more pains in reading the letter.—Mrs. Siddons's divine break ought to be univerſally adopted.—Had Shakeſpeare himſelf lived to ſee her, he would have thanked her for the idea.—It certainly could be no diſgrace to miſs Walſtem to follow it

'They melted into————air!!!

We muſt again refer to mr Elliſton.—Why deviate from Kemble's judicious improvement? In the cauldron ſcene Macbeth is putting a queſtion on the ſucceſſion of Banquo's iſſue. This the witches do not wiſh to anſwer, and they ſink the cauldron to evade it.—Mr. Elliſton's manner

it.—We will present our readers with both and then let them judge for themselves

*Elliston's.*

'Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom? *(Cauldron sinks)*
'Tell me why sinks that cauldron?'

*Kemble's.*

'Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?
'Tell me——— *(Cauldron sinks)*——Why sinks that cauldron?

How natural is the one, breaking in the midst of the interrogation?—what a happy inflexion for the voice!—How stiff, tame, and laboured the other!

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*Polonius's Beard.*

MR. EDITOR,

AS your magazine is daily becoming more and more looked up to in theatrical affairs, permit me to state what appears to me an error in the tragedy of Hamlet. When the player King is reciting before Hamlet, 'Æneas tale to Dido,' Polonius exclaims '*This is too long*,' to which Hamlet replies,

'It shall to the barber's with your beard.'

Now this allusion to the beard of Polonius, evidently points out the propriety of his having one in the representation: but the eye of the spectator looks in vain upon the smooth shaven chin of mr. Fullam, for that longitude of beard which requires diminution. This therefore is an error, which ought to be amended.

Yours, &c. H.

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*Private Theatricals,*

MR. EDITOR,

IT is surprising, that you have not noticed one of the greatest pests of this metropolis, and the source of half the improprieties we daily hear of among the *younger* branches of society: I allude to *the private theatres* scattered through every part of this town.

It was said in a newspaper, some time since, that it was 'surely more commendable in young men to amuse themselves in theatrical exhibitions, than in drinking at alehouses.'

Were these exhibitions the only object that these worthies have in attending such places, no one could dispute the propriety of their thus amusing themselves; but I have good reason to believe, that the females who attend instead of going there for instruction, go there for the purpose of decoying unwary young men, and who in consequence, have sometimes performed the character of George Barnwell before a greater number of spectators than they are usually honoured with in their exhibitions.

I can assure you, sir, that, so far from being a preventitive of, they are an encouragement to debauchery.

These theatres are frequented principally by apprentices, and the inferior clerks of attornies and bankers.

Now, sir, I should like to know where these gentlemen find either money or time to spend in so idle and unprofitable a manner: even admitting (which cannot be the case) that they do their master's justice, so far as to attend in their shops and offices during the proper hours, still let it be asked how they employ that time? In conning parts from the drama which they cannot comprehend.

These haunts are a scandal to a government which, by not destroying, patronises them. They are the fountain of almost every iniquity which ingenuity can contrive, or villany execute.

If, sir, you think these observations worth insertion, under the head of Private Theatricals, it may probably have a good effect.

I am sir, with respect,

Your very obedient servant,

I. B.

*Mode of ſoftening Controverſy.*

MR. EDITOR,

*IN* Fabroni's *Life of Mozochi*, I met with an anecdote which pleaſed me much. That learned man had been betrayed into unſeemly aſperity of language in ſome controverſies in which he was engaged. Senſible of the fault, when he was appriſed of an attack made upon a new publication of his, he requeſted a friend to peruſe the piece, and draw up a ſummary of the arguments, omitting all perſonal and extraneous matter. Theſe he ſet down and anſwered, without feeling any temptation to deviate from the calmneſs of a more argumentative debate. Whatever irritating expreſſions there might be in the work of his antagoniſt, they were all dropt, and nothing came before him but objections ſtated in the way of a friend.

This, I think, would be an excellent method to be purſued by all thoſe who cannot regard an opponent in any other light than that of an enemy, or who are unable to preſerve their temper when aſſailed by illiberality and abuſe. A man of a warm diſpoſition, in his impatience of inſults, is ready to ſay, like M. Harpin, in Moliere, '*Moi, me plaindre doucement.*' Even among the philoſophers there are, I fear, very few who would be able to perſevere in the cool indifference to abuſe diſplayed by the writer who thus begun his reply to an adverſary:—'Your work conſiſts of railing and reaſoning; to the railing I ſay nothing—to the reaſoning I anſwer as follows.' Although ſuch forbearance is found by experience to be uncommon, I am rather ſurprized that it ſhould be ſo, conſidering the manifeſt ſuperiority, it gives to the party practiſing it. Who does not feel that there is a grandeur in thus treating with ſilent contempt the effuſions of petulance or malignity, which is forfeited by the moſt ſucceſsful retaliation. Were the object even to mortify a quarrelſome antagoniſt in the moſt ſenſible manner, it would generally be moſt effectually attained by paſſing over his provocation without notice. There are many to whom a war of words is an agreeable exerciſe. They thrive by ſuch contention, and are perfectly willing to take their ſhare of reproachful language, provided they gain an opportunity of returning it with intereſt. I heard of a lady of free ſpeech, who found herſelf often provoked to employ her vituperative powers on her huſband. His method was always to take up his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips, whilſt ſhe was burſting with vexation. Her violence, augmented by his tranquility, at length brought her to her death bed; but when near expiring, 'I think,' ſaid ſhe, 'I could recover yet, if the fellow would but anſwer me:' this remedy, however, he was not at all inclined to adminiſter.

To return to the prudent expedient of Mazochi.—One who ſhould be unprovided with a friend capable of ſerving him in the manner mentioned, might, perhaps, perform a ſimilar office for himſelf, by reſolutely turning over every page of his opponent, which a glance of the eye ſhould inform him to contain nothing but perſonalities, and ſtopping only at the argumentative parts, which, to make ſure of them he might cut out, and ſtudy by themſelves. At any rate, a controverſialiſt who is conſcious of being prone to irritation, might make it a rule never to publiſh a reply without firſt committing it to the examination of ſome ſober friend, who ſhould have full authority to expunge every word he did not approve. There is no doubt that this would operate as a ſufficient *damper*; for there are few who cannot with tolerable patience bear the abuſe levelled at a friend.

I remember a comic inſtance of

the cooling efficacy of a medium of tranſmiſſion in a ſcolding match. The late doctor R. F. when he firſt ſettled in this country, brought over a wife and a numerous family not one of whom, except his eldeſt ſon George, knew a word of Engliſh. It was not long before miſunderſtandings aroſe between the miſtreſs and the ſervants; and one morning a lodger in the houſe was witneſs to the following ſcene:—Mrs. F. ſtood at her chamber door, the maid at the ſtair foot, and George, upon the landing-place. The lady, in harſh Teutonic, thundered invectives, which George tranſlated in their paſſage, 'My mother ſays you are a thief, and a ſlut, and a naughty woman!' The wench, in an equally loud key, retorted that her miſtreſs was a liar, a ſlanderer, and ſo-forth; which George, with the ſame fidelity, and in the ſame calm unvaried tone, tranſlated to his mother. Thus the dialogue was diveſted of all the neceſſary violence of ſpeech and geſture, and paſſion ſoon ſubſided for want of fuel. I ſhould ſuppoſe that the diſcuſſions of plenipotentiaries by means of interpreters enjoy a ſimilar advantage; otherwiſe, the mutual complaints of rough and uncivilized people might be apt to bring their reſpective agents to blows. Yours, &c. L.

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*Account of the Perſon and Character of the preſent King of Perſia, and the Ceremonies of his Court.* [From Waring's Tour to Shiraz.] (With a Full Length Portrait.)*

*FATAH* Ali Shah the preſent King is about ſeven-and-twenty years of age. He is a Kejer, an inconſiderable tribe in the neighbourhood of Tahiran, and of no repute before the acceſſion of Aga Mohammed Khan to the throne of Perſia. Indeed, during the reign of Kerim Khan they were in general diſrepute, nothing being more common than the loweſt people of the Bazar refuſing to ſell them any article, on the plea that they had nothing fit for a Kejer ſufficiently bad and vile. But now, owing to the very great partiality the king evinces for his tribe, they have become the moſt conſiderable people in the kingdom; and the name of Kejer is deteſted and feared in every part of the empire of Perſia. All the reſponſible truſts are conferred upon them, and the preſent governor of Ispahan, and of the diſtrict of Irac, was elevated from his former ſituation of a ſeller of greens to his preſent ſtation merely becauſe he was a Kejer.

The manners of the king are ſaid to be very dignified, though at the ſame time very affable and prepoſſeſſing; and he is allowed to poſſeſs all the exterior accompliſhments of a Perſian. In his perſon he is ſuperior to moſt men; and the immenſe length of his beard (a gift highly valued by the Perſians) is a perpetual theme of diſcourſe and admiration. He has been engaged in no military enterpriſe, and in conſequence of this the public opinion denies him the only Perſian virtue, courage*. His annual expeditions towards Khoraſan are made with the view of engaging the attention of his ſubjects, and accuſtoming his troops to the fatigues of actual ſervice, but without the ſmalleſt deſign of attempting the reduction of that province. The greateſt blemiſh in his character is the murder of Haji Ibrahim, who had regarded him as a ſon, and had evinc-

NOTE.

* The intercourſe which the preſent ruler of France appears anxious to open with Perſia, and which he ſeems in ſome degree to have obtained, probably with a view to an attack on th Britiſh poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies, cannot but give an additional intereſt to any information relative to this country or its ſovereign.

NOTE.

* I have frequen ly heard the Perſians ſay, that the king did not deſerve the throne becauſe he had not won it by the ſword.

el for him the affection of a father. It is ſaid that the miniſter uſed to take greater liberties than the extent of his ſervices allowed; but I know of no excuſe which can palliate ſuch barbarous inhumanity.

The court of Tahiran is ſaid, by thoſe who have had many opportunities of judging, to be very magnificent and ſplendid, and in every reſpect becoming the ſovereign of an extenſive and flouriſhing empire. When the king receives any one in ſtate, his ſons, who are very numerous, ſtand in a line from the throne*; his miniſters and officers of ſtate behind them; and the avenues are perhaps more than two thouſand golamſhakis ſumptuouſly clothed. The maſter of the ceremonies introduces the ſtranger, and every thing is conducted with the greateſt decency and ſolemnity. Permiſſion to be ſeated in the preſence of the king is only granted to ambaſſadors, and envoys from foreign ſtates, and to, I believe, the Shaik al Iſlam, as the chief prieſt of the Muſlem religion. The king ſometimes wears his regalia; and by allowing the rays of the ſun to fall upon him, I have heard it was impoſſible to behold him with any degree of ſteadineſs. His jewels are ſuppoſed to be ſuperior to any potentate's in the world: indeed it would be ſurpriſing were it otherwiſe, as he is poſſeſſed of all the valuable jewels in his empire.

The king's eldeſt ſon, Mir Ali Khan, is an enterpriſing young man, much eſteemed by the ſoldiers; and as his illegitimacy deprives him of all hope of peaceably ſucceeding his father, it is difficult to ſay what the intrigues of diſcontented noblemen might not excite him to attempt. He has frequently declared to the preſent king, his father, that the ſword ſhould either ſecure or deprive him of the throne; and that it was his determination to overcome the obſtacles that were placed in his way. Such is the ſituation of princes in a deſpotiſm, that it is the only means they have of preſerving their lives; and in the event of the king's death, Perſia will again be deluged with blood; for as the princes are the governors of various diſtricts in the empire, they have each the means of aſſerting their claims to the throne.

NOTE.

* His family amounts to *above fifty*, ſeveral of whom were born on the ſame day.

## REVIEW.

'*Remarks on a Charge delivered by the Biſhop of Durham, to the Clergy of his Dioceſe.—Coyne, Capel-Street.*

*DR. SHUTE*'s charge has been the ſubject of much animadverſion in England. There have been three anſwers to it publiſhed already, which are at this inſtant reprinting in Dublin, and which will ſhortly be publiſhed together—one by the rev. mr. Le Meſurier, another by the rev. mr. Faber, and a third by an anonymous clergyman of his lordſhip's own dioceſe.

It is not for us to enter on the arena of polemical divinity—we diſcharge our duty to the public by noticing publications of the intereſt and bearing of the preſent, without obtruding our own private opinions on either ſide. The venerable biſhop of Durham ſtands high in public conſideration as a divine and a philoſopher. His preſent opponent is of no mean proweſs.

There is much candor in the following remarks, (a candor which we wiſh it was in our power to enforce among all religious diſputants) and for that purpoſe we ſelect it equally as a ſpecimen of the *mind* as the ſtile of the author.

'The man who embraces a religious opinion from conviction has undoubtedly a right to maintain it by argument

argument. But truth will be his firſt and principal object; and the champion of truth will diſdain the petty artifices of ſubſtituting aſſertion for proof, and miſrepreſentation for fact. He will never condeſcend to ſwell the crowd of diſputants, whoſe ingenuity firſt frames a creed for the church of Rome, and then, after combating a phantom of its own creation, exults in an eaſy and deciſive victory. That this expedient ſhould have been frequently adopted by the herd of minor and hungry writers, is not ſurpriſing. It has often proved the moſt certain road to reputation, and, what they probably valued more than reputation, to wealth and preferment.*— But the biſhop of Durham is placed far above ſuch paltry temptations. The reputation which he enjoys may ſatisfy his utmoſt ambition; and the eccleſiaſtical dignity which he fills, if not the firſt in rank, is at leaſt the firſt in opulence in the united kingdom. If then, notwithſtanding his great age and high occupations, he be ſtill inclined to ſhiver a lance in the liſts of controverſy, we may ſafely affirm, that his motives are laudable, and truſt that his conduct, like his courage, will be fair and honourable.

The charge, which I purpoſe to review, was delivered in circumſtances peculiarly ſolemn. It was addreſſed to the numerous clergy of the dioceſe of Durham, in a temple dedicated to the worſhip of the moſt high, and from the pulpit, the oracle of truth. On ſuch an occaſion, we may juſtly preſume, that no unguarded word would be permitted to drop from the mouth of the learned prelate. Each aſſertion would be previouſly weighed, and its accuracy anxiouſly aſcertained. The erudition of the audience, the ſacredneſs of the place, this ſanctity of the epiſcopal character, demanded that truth and charity ſhould guide and reſtrain the zeal of the preacher. If then in the following pages, I ſhall have occaſion to complain, that the tenets of catholics have been incorrectly ſtated, and their practices unfairly deſcribed, I would not be underſtood to impeach the ſincerity or veracity of the biſhop of Durham. But while I applaud the uprightneſs of his intention, I may be allowed to lament the influence of prejudice, which could conceal the truth from his view, and prompt him to ſtudy the doctrine of the catholic church in the writings of her adverſaries. I may regret that he ſhould ſometimes condeſcend to join the company of thoſe miſinformed but poſitive writers, who,

Without the care of knowing right from wrong,
Always appear deciſive, clear, and ſtrong.
Where others toil with philoſophical force,
Their nimble nonſenſe takes a ſhorter courſe,
Flings at your head conviction in a lump,
And gains remote concluſions at a jump.

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*Anecdotes.*

*A VIRTUOUS* parent, whilſt taking leave of his ſon on the eve of his departure for a diſtant land, exclaimed: —'All I aſk of you, my ſon, is to bring back with you the ſame ſet and expreſſion of features.'

'I will give my life that yonder man is a raſcal,' exclaimed Titus, pointing to the prieſt. Tacitus. 'I ſaw him weeping and ſobbing three times, when nothing could cauſe a tear to flow, and turning his face away to hide a ſmile when vices or calamities were mentioned.'

NOTE.

* Thus when the duke of York aſked archbiſhop Sheldon, if it were the doctrine of the church of England that Roman catholics were idolators? he anſwered, 'that 'it was not; but that young men of parts 'would be popular, and ſuch a charge was 'the way to it.' Burnet, Hiſtory of his own Times, anno 1673.'

ORIGINAL

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

*Lines on a visit to Monasteroris, near Edenderry, in the King's County.*

ASSISTANCE lend me, ye tuneful choir,
New string your harps, and unite with me,
With flowery lays my muse inspire,
Immerg'd in pure sublimity.

To praise a seat of rural pleasure,
Gifts divine, and exquisite lore;
Where Ceres keeps her richest treasure,
Vegetating in fertile store.

Within the shades of its myrtle bow'rs
The sylvan naiads enraptur'd play;
And nymphs, tho' rural, whose vocal pow'rs,
Attracts the warblers from the spray.

The winding streams of limpid water,
That gently murmurs thro' the dales;
Exempts the mind from sad disorder,
And gloomy thoughts with mirth regales.

An agile concert, swiftly chases,
The timorous hare over the lawn,
While the echoing horn pierce its recesses,
And rouses quickly the nimble fawn.

Among those scenes of admiration,
Of gothic building, a mansion stands,
Whose stately site and decoration,
Ornaments the ambient lands.

Beneath its dome—tranquility,
Reigns sacred freedom's advocate,
Whose thoughts, and sensibility,
Increase the bliss of this kind retreat.

12 *Dawson street.* P—E—S.
*May*, 1808.

### *The British Tar.*

WITH one bright spark of pure celestial fire,
O! mute, propitious, animate my lyre;
Aid me to sing in sweet heroic lays
The much lamented, matchless, *Nelson's* praise:
*Nelson* the brave, the thunderbolt of war,
The pride and boast, of ev'ry British tar.

Dejected weeping from her ambient wave,
See Britain's genius bend o'er Nelson's grave;
And, while she views the laurel he has won,
She mourns her hero——'O my son, my son!'
While trophies deck his sad funeral car,
Grief melts to tears the vet'ran British tar.

Ye butterflies of war, O vaunt no more
Your puny feats—while we his loss deplore:
From vict'ry, in triumph see him rise,
A constellation bright, to yonder skies;
Refulgent there he shines, the leading star,
To guide to glory ev'ry British tar.

Where Calpe's rocks, rebellious to the main, (Spain;
In pride appear'd the fleets of France and
High on the deck th' intrepid hero stood,
While off Cape Trafalgar their pomp he view'd: (for war,
His line quick form'd, and all prepar'd
A dauntless hero seem'd each British tar.

No serpent guile his gen'rous bosom knew:
His country's glory all he had in view.
'England he cried 'expects each man' in fight
'To do his duty' and support her right.
Through all the fleet the charge resounded far,
And wak'd to valour ev'ry British tar.

Prevaricating shifts great Nelson spurn'd;
For battle dangers ardently he burn'd.
'Victory or death' th' exulting hero cries;
'Victory or death!' re-echoed to the skies:
While glory beam'd from his illustrious star,
'Victory or death!' cried ev'ry British tar.

'Midst dusky clouds of smoke, and bellowing rage,
Cool and intrepid, foremost to engage
(His heroes true to signal every man),
In Gallant order Nelson led the van;
Nelson in virtue great, as brave in war,
The bright example of each British tar.

By friendship chear'd, and valours sacred prize,
In Vict'ry's arms the hero falls!—he dies!
Triumphant shouts on sighs now pass away,
And sorrow o'ercast its brightest day.
Immortal fame shall sound his name afar,
Belov'd and mourn'd by ev'ry British tar.

As tinder blaze, a momentary fire, (pire;
So soon French boast and Spanish pride ex-
Like magic, British thunder lays them low,
And wins new trophies from the vanquish'd foe: (war,
Prostrate they lie, and yield the prize of
To crown the glory of each British tar.

In manly fashion *Collingwood* press'd on,
And fav'rite laurels Nelson's prowess won.
In honors' cause still may he persevere,
And teach like Nelson Britain's foes to fear;
Teach them that, proud to were true valour's tear,
They yet must yield to Britain's noble tar.

June, 1808.

Thrice noble hero!—o'er his clay cold urn
To late-it time his countrymen shall mourn;
And, while to his remains they honors give,
In ev'ry memory *Nelson's* name shall live;
His fame shall roll to regions distant far,
The peerless courage of the British tar.

Imagination vainly would aspire
To paint the patriot's and the hero's fire.
Let Copenhagen speak—Aboukir's bay!
Where Gallia's pride in terror died away.
In danger fe'ch'd relief to war,
No hero equals Britain's gallant tar.

The nation's debt of gratitude great shade,
Immortal Nelson to thy memory paid,
To heav'n we pray, with supplicating eyes,
And pray that future Nelsons may arise,
To teach Napoleon and his friends to war,
They still must stoop to Britain's valiant tar.

*Dawson-street,* P. E——s,
*May* 6, 1808.

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*On hearing Miss E—l—n O'H—r—a of Naas, play on the Piano Forte.*

*AH!* is it possible for human art [strain
To touch these keys, and cause so sweet a
Sure, when such sacred raptures they impart, [compass,
Some hands divine thus prompts them to
O! how the soul in ecstacy is lost, [ears!
When such enchanting numbers strike the
She seems transported to some heav'nly coad, [spheres.
Where love and music tune the rolling
O! music, daughter of eternal love.
To earth's grand bound art thou returned once more,
The bosom of thy fav'rite maid to move,
And thrill the soul with joys unknown before. (wire
Orpheus, of old, could to the trembling
Make ev'n the savage train attentive stand:
He, favour'd bard, felt thy ethereal fire
And thy celestial concords could command!
But found another Orpheus try his skill,
And wait the soul to grief, or fire with rage; (still
'Tis E—l—n's power alone that rage mollifies,
Thy heav'nly strains that grief assuage.

*June* 14, 1808. N.

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*An English Version of an Inscription, &c. Vid. p. 25 of the present Mag.*

*ALAS!* this leafy walnut-tree beneath,
In his untimely grave, poor *Lord-Jeff's* plac'd,
Having, thro' life, with honesty and faith,
Discharg'd his duty, and his office grac'd.

The ornament and matchless pride was he,
The honor of the outlaw'd* canine kind,
Both for his beauty and sagacity,
Both for his courage and his courteous mind:

Yet, these most rare endowments were not all,
He was the faithful guardian of this land;
He vigil often, at your' neighb'ring hall,
With constancy, and faithfulness did stand.

Whom neither shame, nor laws, nor death† could fright,
Nor hell itself, nor *Cerb'rus* terrify,
His barking flam'd; yea ev'n his very sight
Dismay'd, discourag'd and compell'd to fly.

Ah! from his master death has snatched away [bribes‡
Him scorning equally or threats, or
A creature useful and sincere by day,
And formidable to nocturnal tribes.*a*

Now while his master (long as is allow'd
For any such companion) sadly grieves,
All felons may rejoice, each nightly crowd,
Marauders, cut-throats, murderers, and thieves:*b*

Yes—ev'ry gang profane, and villain dread
May sing, and dance, and play their antics o'er,
That their invetrate enemy is dead.
Hold fast, the terror of their crimes no more:

NOTES.

* *Outlaw'd.*) In the original proscripti, the author here hinted at the tax laid on dogs.

† *Death.*) In the original patibulum, a gallows.—

‡ *Bribes.*) Offa signifies a cake, or some composition thrown to dogs, chiefly as a bribe;

Molle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Obtulit. Virg. Æneis book 6.

*a Nocturnal tribes.*) Sol (*dies*) invenit illum vitam tam utilem agentem; Luna (*nox*) reperit amantum malis; mors artipuit charum bonis.

*b Marauders* &c.) Prædo, prædator, Latro, &c. in the original; the two first are nearly alike and signify a robber, or plunderer; but prædator has sometimes a very bad meaning: Latro signifies a cut-purse; Fur, a common thief; and Furcifer, a thief formerly punished by carrying on his back, thro' the city, a cross or gallows.

Sheet now a lifeless, listless lump of clay,
Whisperers, whom you fear'd from whom to flee you fled away!!!

A. D.
He { opened } his eyes { June 12. } 1798.
{ closed } { Dec. 21. } 1805.

☞ Can Westminsterienſis ſhew where he has found the word evicinæ; and ſubter and forſuter accented?

*The Happy Couple. An Epitaph.*

HERE lies a happy pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial woe,
And ne'er expreſs'd a wiſh to part,
Love the regent of each heart:
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd,
And life's laſt ſands were ſands of gold.
What precious rains! what charming weather!
You aſk'd how long they liv'd together?
From good authority I ſpeak—
They liv'd together one whole week!

*The Courteous Lodging Letter.*

IN ſearch of a lodging Dick wander'd along,
His eyes to the right and left rolling:
In hopes they might ſee ſome genteel looking bill. (ling.
Which might prove the *ne plus* of his ſtrol-

At length he beheld wafer'd over a knocker,
A paper of longitude ſcant:
'A fingil bak rome, for a fingil yung man'—
Cries Dick, juſt the thing that I want!

He raps, is admitted: a ſpritely young girl
Comes forth his kind pleaſure to know:
Trips ſmiling before him up three pair of ſtairs,
'The fingil bak rome for to ſhow.

Dick admir'd her white neck, her neat ankle, and ſhape.
Her eyes that beam'd love's kindling ſpirit:
Twin'd his arm round her waiſt, and jocoſely exclaim'd,
'Are you, my dear girl, to let with it?'

She replied with a ſmile, moſt enchantingly ſweet, (throne:
Where much, love, and wit held their
'The room's to be let for a ſhilling a week,
But *I am to be let, Sir, alone.*

*May*, 7, 1808.

*State of Public Affairs.*

THE courts of France and Spain have been transferred to Bayonne. On that ſpot are the eyes of Europe now fixed, and there the ſovereign of France ſits arbiter on the deſtinies of Spain. What a contraſt to the ſcenes of former times! when the anceſtor of the royal competitors for the crown left Paris to take poſſeſſion of the throne of Spain, and ſeat the Bourbon dynaſty in the Eſcurial! The Bourbons are now ſuing to a Corſican—to a man whoſe anceſtors were not known in the time of Louis XIV.—they are ſuing to him to determine which is to be a king; he is to decide between the father and the ſon, and his word will be the law. Whether he will condeſcend to let a Bourbon reign, or if he does, which he will chooſe, time muſt determine. The real fact is, that whichever again aſſumes the title of king, it is of little conſequence, for neither will enjoy in future real kingly power: that is now veſted in Bonaparte, and the nominal king of Spain will in fact be only the deputy of the French emperor.

At the court of Bonaparte, at Bayonne, are not only the old king and queen of Spain, with their ſon (the new king), but alſo the late fallen miniſter the prince of the peace; all three important perſonages at the preſent time, and all three to be made uſe of by the puiſſant emperor as occaſion may require. It was expected that Bonaparte would have gone to Madrid to ſettle the difference, but he prefers the ſafer ſituation for a time, and his armies are arranging matters, if neceſſary for his preſence.

The points in diſpute between the two kings are the nature of the abdication of the father, and the right of the ſon to aſſume the reigns of government. If the abdication was an act of force and violence, the younger muſt fall to the ground, and the diſcuſſion on theſe caſes may be prolonged by Bonaparte at will. What the prince of peace has to do there it is not eaſy to determine. If the rights of ſovereigns can be tried by an emperor, the right or the crimes of a ſubject are cognizable only by his own lord, and his fate will depend on that of his maſter. If the old king is reſtored, he will ſcarcely be adopted. His abdication will probably be deemed void, and the young king's claim will not ſoon be ſettled. It is ſaid, however, that the latter has expreſſed a degree of contrition for his conduct, and it is even aſſerted that he has reſigned his crown. Nothing is improbable in this caſe. Both father and ſon are weak men, both incapable of ruling a nation in troubleſome times.

Diſturbances have prevailed in Madrid, and riſen to ſuch an height as to require vigorous exertions on the part of the French. Blood has been ſhed on both ſides, but the Spaniards were brought into order.—Without a head, without any perſon in whom they

they can confide, what can the people do? Deſpotiſm never ſees its folly till it is too late. This is ſufficiently exemplified in the two great kingdoms of France and Spain. The Bourbon family, in two of its branches, had the poſſeſſion of theſe kingdoms, and they obtained the great object of their ambition—abſolute rule, without the intervention of the conſtitutional authorities, ſo wiſely placed under them in France; the aſſembly of the three eſtates in Spain, the Cortez. What did the Bourbon family gain by this conqueſt over their own ſubjects? The diſguſt of the middle ranks, and an apathy to their intereſts, except in thoſe who were paid to ſupport them. The deſtruction of the family was brought about by different modes in the new kingdoms: in the one by the people themſelves riſing againſt their ſovereign, in the other by the people ſitting tamely by, whilſt a foreign army was taking poſſeſſion of the kingdom. Deſpots will not learn by theſe examples, but continue in the uſual progreſs, they will exaſperate the people till they turn with rage or indignation againſt their maſters, or they will ſo break their ſpirits, that it is indifferent to them who is their maſter. Thus Providence teachs mankind, that government is of high import, and that they who will not ſtudy its duties, merit to be hurled from their thrones, and to be made an example to the world. We may extend our pity to ſuffering individuals, but for the ſake of a few, the intereſts of the many are not to be ſacrificed.

It is a curious queſtion whether Bonaparte will now go to Madrid. He will not do it unleſs he has ſecured the country completely by his troops. At preſent the Spaniſh army muſt be completely weakened, the officers ſcarcely knowing of whom they hold their commiſſions. Many reforms muſt take place in the kingdom, and thoſe will proceed as a boon from the French emperor, not from a Spaniſh monarch. The enlightened mind of the former will know how to turn every thing to his own advantage, and it will not be difficult for him to appear in the light of a benefactor. Nothing has as yet tranſpired of his intentions, and it is probable that every thing has been determined upon at Bayonne, before it is read in the privy council of Spain. Very probable Gibraltar will be an object of his military plans, and if we can keep the French and Spaniſh forces employed, as we did in a preceding war, it may be ſome ſatisfaction to us, that his entry into Spain has not met with complete ſucceſs.

In Portugal every thing follows his will. The late reigning family, has no intereſt in the affections of the bulk of their ſubjects, and their departure is not regretted, but by thoſe whoſe property is in danger from the rapacity of the French. Theſe perſons are daily endeavouring to get away, and thus affording new pretexts for plunder to the ruling powers. Very ſevere edicts have been iſſued, and great care is taken to prevent a correſpondence with our fleets. The ſcarcity of proviſions is, however, by no means of that nature as was at firſt repreſented. Some articles are dear, but the country is very far from being under any apprehenſion of famine. Our accounts, however, from the interior of that country are ſo ſcanty, that its real ſtate is hardly to be aſcertained.

From the ſouth of Europe our attention is called to the north, and the king of Sweden claims the reſpect due to his ſpirit of chivalry. He has manfully thrown down the gauntlet to his two great antagoniſts, Ruſſia, and Denmark, and as yet the French troops have not aſſailed him. It is to be hoped that our ſquadrons will be able to prevent a landing of the French in Sweden, and alſo, by cruizing in the Baltic, to prevent a Ruſſian armament from convoying its troops over the gulph of Bothnia. As yet the war has been to the diſadvantage of the king of Sweden. The Ruſſians may be ſaid to be at this moment maſters of Finland; they have taken Sweaborg, the Gibraltar of the north, and with this important fortreſs have poſſeſſed themſelves of great quantities of naval and military ſtores, and the Swediſh flotilla in the harbour of Sweaborg. This is a ſad blow to the king; for his army in Finland muſt now either retreat, or be ſupported by a conſiderable army from Sweden. If it retreats, the Ruſſians will place themſelves in ſecurity in the ports on the eaſt of the gulph of Bothnia, ready to tranſport themſelves into Sweden, and attack the north, whilſt the French are invading the ſouth of that kingdom. If the Finland army ſhould be reinforced, then the ſtrength of the interior of Sweden will be diminiſhed, and great danger is to be apprehended from the Danes and French.

It is moſt probable that Finland is left to its fate, and the next accounts will be, that the greateſt part of the Swediſh army in Finland has ſhared the fate of the fortreſs of Sweaborg. Still Sweden is not conquered. The news of the loſs of this fortreſs has not damped the ardour of the chivalrous king. On receiving the news, he immediately broke the commanding officer in council with him, who had not protected againſt the convention. We do not imagine that this is the beſt way to reinvigorate his army. He might have ſtopped till a court martial had been holden on the conduct of the officers, and their guilt had been

been completely aſcertained. General Whitelocke was not diſmiſſed from the ſervice till after a trial: and we ſhould have thought it very ſtrange if the duke of York had been caſhiered, when he ſaved himſelf and army by his articles of convention with a French general.

In the convention at Sweaborg a very extraordinary article has been introduced, and evidently with the deſign of bringing the conduct of the Engliſh at Copenhagen into contempt. The article runs thus—'The flotilla ſhall be reſtored to Sweden according to the particular return made thereof, after the concluſion of peace, in caſe that England ſhould alſo reſtore to Denmark the fleet which ſhe took laſt year.' Now there ſeems to be no analogy between the two caſes. Ruſſia by fair war, and after a declaration of war, takes a fortreſs and a flotilla; England, without a declaration of war, and in time of profeſſed peace and amity, ſeizes the fleet of its friends, and ſet on fire his capital. There is no compariſon in the values of the fleet and the flotilla, and it is evident this article can be introduced with a view only of acting upon the minds of the Swediſh nation, and particularly upon that part of it which holds our conduct at Copenhagen in indignation. This is to ſhew, that the war is not ſo much with the Swediſh nation as the Swediſh king, and that the ground of it is his adherence to the cauſe of England. If the French can make a landing in Sweden, they will avail themſelves of ſimilar artifices, and the chivalrous king muſt be as much upon his guard againſt the treachery of his own ſubjects as the ſword of his enemy.

How far the attack upon Norway has ſucceeded we cannot tell. It is aſtoniſhing how imperfect our accounts are from the countries which are ſtill open to us. But we cannot conceive that the king of Sweden will derive any great advantage from this attack. If it requires many troops, they will be carried too far from home at the time they are moſt needed. As we have ſent off a grand expedition, if it is directed to the ſouth of his kingdom, it may with our fleet be very efficacious to his relief, and Bonaparte may wait another ſummer before he receives diſpatches from Bernadotte, dated at Stockholm. Indeed, if we conſider the ſtate of the two countries, Sweden and Denmark, and our ſuperiority at ſea, it ſeems impoſſible that the French ſhould be able to land an army in Sweden, without very great miſmanagement. The next report will ſet us at eaſe on this head, and then Sweden has to fear only the attack of Ruſſia, an attack which it is completely competent to ward off, unleſs the king has loſt the confidence of his ſubjects many of the Swedes are far from being ſatisfied with the inroads made on their conſtitution in late reigns.

The eaſt of Europe promiſes ſome ſcenes of warfare before the ſummer is over. The Porte, it is ſaid, has broken with the French, refuſing to comply with their requeſt to be permitted to paſs an army through the Turkiſh dominions to attack us in India. Conſtantinople has given a ſufficient leſſon to its poſſeſſors to beware of ſuch friends. The Franks were ſome ages ago permitted to enter its vicinity in their way to the Holy Land, and they returned the compliment by taking poſſeſſion of the town. If their ſucceſſors, the French, had a ſimilar permiſſion, we ſhould dread a ſimilar fate for the Turkiſh metropolis. But whether the French are permitted or not to paſs by this road, the fall of Conſtantinople ſeems to be near at hand. This will be a good pretext for the French, and as ſoon as Bonaparte has ſettled matters in Spain and Portugal, he will avail himſelf of it to make a diviſion of the Turkiſh dominions in Europe.

In this caſe little difficulty is to be apprehended. The moment the French enter Greece, they will find the native Greeks prepared to receive them, and the Turks, divided among themſelves, able to make very little reſiſtance. As they approach the capital, the ſtrength of the Turks will be more concentrated, but the united ſtrength of Auſtria and France muſt overpower them. Conſtantinople will again become an European capital, and the activity and energy of the French will give new life to the deſponding Greeks. Degraded for ſo many years by abject ſlavery and a moſt wretched ſuperſtition, they may ſtill revive, and the Turks themſelves, leaving the fooleries of their Koran, may become capable of better civiliſation. No one can tell to what extent the effects of the French revolution will reach, but if this diverſion is made by the Turks, it will ſave for ſome time longer our poſſeſſions in India from an attack, which threatens a complete overthrow of our power in the eaſt.

Europe preſents us with falling thrones. One ſovereign ſeems to have choſen a better part than the reſt, and by quitting a kingdom in which he could only have been the viceroy of Bonaparte, he has made his eſcape to a great continent, where with common prudence he may lay the foundation of an empire, that may in ſplendour outſhine hereafter that of the conqueror of Europe. The news is confirmed, that the prince regent of Portugal is the acknowledged ſovereign of the Brazils. He has eſtabliſhed his court, and been received with acclamations by the natives, who are pleaſ-

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ed with being now members of an independent kingdom. The fovereign has begun his reign by forming a new order of merit, the order of fidelity, which is beſtowed on the followers of his fortunes. The Engliſh are to be the favoured nation in the commerce of this new kingdom, and they will eſtabliſh there probably factories ſimilar to thoſe in Portugal. If they follow the ſame plan which was purſued by the Engliſh merchants in Portugal, their trade will be both honourable and profitable, for ſuch was the character of the Engliſh merchant in Portugal, that the higheſt nobility were proud of viſiting him, and receiving him at their tables. The laws, or rather cuſtoms, of the factories forbid the entrance of that vulgar and ſordid mind, which is frequently a diſgrace to perſons engaged in trade, who, thinking only of one end, neglect too much thoſe qualities which render life deſirable and man reſpectable. An Engliſh merchant in Portugal was generally a man of ſome education, a man who travelled in different countries, and who could ſpeak ſeveral languages: his mind was thus freed from many vulgar prejudices and he knew ſo to adapt himſelf to the cuſtoms of a country in which the inhabitants believed him to be a heretic, that though they all doomed him to the lower regions after his death, they loved and eſteemed him whilſt living.

In confidence of the eſtabliſhment of the prince in the Brazils, vaſt orders have been executed in this country for the new empire. The houſes of the Portuguſe ambaſſador, conſul, and principal merchants, have been illuminated. Regulations have been made to ſecure the property of the Brazilians and loyal Portugueſe taken upon the ſeas. In ſhort, there is every reaſon to believe, that a ſolid friendſhip will be eſtabliſhed for the benefit of both countries. Madeira, and the other iſlands of which we have taken poſſeſſion, are given up to the Brazilian ſovereign, and in a ſhort time we may expect to ſee the Brazilian flag floating upon the Atlantic. The new ſovereign will begin his courſe moſt probably by forming an army, and attacking his neighbours, and we may expect to hear of wars and battles to the ſouth of La Plata and the weſt of the Andes.

Whether it is a good or a bad fortune our readers muſt determine for themſelves, but ſo it has happened, that the nuncio of the pope, who was following the prince of the Brazils, has been brought to and is now in England. This may enable the prince to take ſome meaſures for the religious eſtabliſhment of his new kingdom, and if he is wiſe enough to avail himſelf of the experience of paſt times, to ſee the folly of letting a kingdom be overrun by lazy, idle, perſecuting prieſts and friars, he may introduce toleration into his new kingdom, and with it induſtry, liberality and civiliſation. We muſt wait ſome time before we can learn the ſpirit of his new government. The Brazils are almoſt a new world to us. The ſpirit of the Engliſh will ſoon penetrate into the interior of this new kingdom, and we ſhall know its fate. The Brazilians, we are informed, are not ſo contemptible a race as the prieſt-ridden natives of Portugal.

The Americans continue their embargo, but the proſpect of a rupture between us and them is, we are happy to ſay, growing daily more and more remote. There is work enough for us and our manufacturers, and trade with the united ſtates and the Brazils, if we could but content ourſelves with the eaſy mode of enriching this country: and it might be ſufficient comfort for us to think, that if we were entirely excluded from the continent of Europe, ſufficient ſpace is open for our exertions as long as we can keep the command of the ſeas. Before the ſummer is over, the uſual intercourſe of trade will be opened between us and the united ſtates. Domingo is favouring us, and we are there likely to have an extenſive traſe. In ſhort, there is reaſon to believe, that if we never had again an ambaſſador on the continent of Europe, nor ſuffered a ſoldier to be embarked, or a ſubſidy be paid to any ſovereign for its deliverance, we ſhould be a happier people.

## LONDON, *May* 28.

### *DREADFUL HURRICANE.*

*A MADRAS* paper, received by the Malabar, gives a circumſtantial account of the dreadful effects of a hurricane experienced at Madras and its vicinity, in the month of December laſt which we cannot better deſcribe than in the language of the writer on the ſpot:—

'We have to diſcharge a moſt painful duty, in detailing the circumſtances which have attended the moſt violent ſtorm ever experienced in the Carnatic, ſince that on Pondicherry in the year 1762.

'On Wedneſday laſt the ſurf was obſerved to rife unuſually high, and the clouds gathering thick and black to the northward, with an increaſing wind, excited apprehenſions that a ſtorm was at hand. During the evening ſome rain fell in occaſional ſhowers, but in the night, and during the whole of Thurſday, it rained inceſſantly; the wind from the N. W. gradually increaſing into a gale, which, by one o'clock on Friday morning, had acquired a violence that threatened every thing with deſtruction, and in this direction exciting diſmay and

and ſpreading deſolation, did the wind blow until about four o'clock in the morning.

'About this hour the wind leſſened and altering its courſe, gradually came round to the ſouthward. During this time there was an awful ſuſpence, for the experienced in this climate anticipated a renewal of the work of miſchief, from the ſudden abatement of the ſtorm, and from the ſhifting of the wind. When it had completely veered round to the ſouthward, it ſuddenly burſt into a hurricane, the like of which was never remembered before at Madras.

'The canal forced its banks, and overflowed the country as far as the government bridge on one ſide, and beyond the powder mills on the other, where the water was three feet deep.—Boats were carried away, and ſeveral were found at the burying ground, and one near the government gardens.

'The ſea roſe much beyond its uſual height, bringing ſome of the Maſſoolah boats within a few yards of the cuſtom-houſe, and deſtroying others, to the number, we underſtand, of about 40.—The ſurf reached meſſrs. Harrington's on the beach, and by its violence expoſed four feet of the foundation of the houſe; luckily this was not half its depth. On one ſide of the adjoining building, the naval office is much damaged.

'The company's rice godowns near the cuſtom-houſe, were forced open, and much of their contents waſhed away. The ſea roſe cloſe to the ditch of the fort, and the ſurf daſhed with violence over the ramparts. The counterſcarp at the N. E. angle gave way, and the water poured into the ditch at every riſing of the ſurf. The ſea has not yet receded, but it may poſſibly be owing to the ſpring tide. We ſincerely hope that it will in a ſhort time return to its former limits, or every building on the ſea face muſt be in danger. The baſtion at the northern extremity of the Black-town wall gave way, and two guns are dismounted into the ſea.

'It is impoſſible to give an accurate or adequate deſcription of the miſchief this ſtorm has occaſioned; far leſs can we deſcribe the feelings of individuals who witneſſed this work of deſtruction. Trees are every where torn up by the roots; the houſes of the European inhabitants have univerſally ſuffered conſiderable damage: they were untoofed, and ſome partially blown down. The mud-houſes of the natives are in moſt places ſwept, and with many alſo of their wretched inhabitants. It is apprehended many thouſands have periſhed, dead bodies of men, women, and children, were found lying in every direction when the ſtorm abated; as the ſun roſe higher, ſo the wind, and rain, which had all along accompanied it in torrents, gradually abated, and before noon returned to the northward, and by Friday evening blew again ſteadily, and without violence, from the north-eaſt, where it now continues. During the hurricane there was no thunder and lightning, although ſome was experienced on Friday evening.

'In relating the account of the great damage ſuſtained, we muſt not omit to mention the effects of this tornado at his majeſty's royal hoſpital. Some of the wards were partially untoofed, and in ſome places the roof fell in, to the imminent danger of the ſick beneath; fortunately, however, by the officers and men attached to the hoſpital, the ſick were removed in time to ſave them, and we are therefore happy to ſay no lives were loſt. The wall ſurrounding the hoſpital has fallen in various parts, leaving breaches of 20 feet wide. The trees are torn up by the roots, and the place exhibits one continued ſcene of deveſtation. The extenſive wall of Dent's garden injured materially, and in ſome parts levelled with the ground.

'Black Town, St. Thomas, and the Mount ſeem all to have ſuffered alike; at the latter place the flag ſtaff is blown down. In the roads, carts upſet, and cattle dead, were every where lying; all the ſentry-boxes were blown down; as were the ſteps going up to the ſignal ſtaff of the fort, and the large box in which the colours were depoſited, was thrown on the parade. As no market could be held, many families, European and native, were without food nearly the whole of Friday.

'A Paris veſſel lying in the roads, was ſtranded, and the brig Cyrus, which put to ſea on the appearance of the ſtorm, had returned to the roads on Sunday morning with the loſs of her maſts, and full of water. Some idea may be formed of the ſtrength of the current, and force of the ſurf, from the circumſtance of a large portion of the ribs of a ſhip, ſuppoſed to be the Fairlie, Captain Elliott, which was burnt in the roads in 1799, being thrown aſhore cloſe to mr. Parry's godowns.

'To enter into a regular detail of all the miſchief occaſioned, would much exceed our limits, or our deſcriptive powers. We cannot, however, but lament that, among other conſequences of the ſtorm, dr. Anderſon's beautiful garden has been deſtroyed. This we conſider a great loſs in a national point of view; to the individual it muſt be diſtreſſing indeed to ſee the labour of years thus deſtroyed in a ſingle night.

'Of the miſery in which the natives are involved

involved we can give no adequate idea; unless, indeed the following circumstance which has reached us of the horrid resolution consequent on despair, in an individual, be considered as a proof of the general sense in which they view calamities. A native woman, after the storm, raised a pile of wood in a gentleman's coach-house, and, getting underneath it with her child, had the desperate resolution to set fire to it; and thus burnt her self and infant to death. Of the distance the storm reached we are at present unable to state. We have heard that it scarcely reached to the northward further than Pulicat: to the southward it had not been felt at Pondicherry, as the American brig Brutus anchored in the roads early on Sunday morning direct from thence, and had not encountered any gale in her passage.

'In a western direction, we are informed, it has reached as far as Conjeveram, where its ravages have been much felt.'

MANCHESTER, MAY 25.—Yesterday and this day many thousands assembled in a field near St. George's church, by Newton-lane, and appointed delegates to attend the magistrates with a statement of their grievances, which they assert arose not so much from a scarcity of employment as from the unparalleled reduction which the prices of their work have recently experienced; insomuch, that, after labouring for six days, at the rate of 14 or 15 hours per day, they cannot possibly earn more than 7s. or 8s. a pittance which will not support nature. Their employers, on the contrary, insist, that owing to the stagnation of trade, they cannot afford to pay higher prices, and promise to increase them to their wonted standard, as soon as a restoration of peace shall enable them. Be this as it may, a very serious alarm has been excited. The people has this day flocked hither from the circumjacent townships, viz. Stockport, Bolton, Bury, Oldham, Ashton-under-Line, Eccles, &c. and became so formidable, though certainly at first orderly and quiet, that the military from the barracks, (4th dragoons) were drawn out, and all the volunteer corps assembled. The magistrates repeatedly requested the people to disperse, and used every possible means to appease them; but as they persisted in their right to assemble, and remained unmoved on the field, the riot act was at length read, and the soldiery made several furious charges, merely with a view to enforce compliance, at the same time carefully avoiding any serious injury. Notwithstanding this forbearance, however, the most perfidious, and considerable mischief has been done; one man is killed, and many wounded. About 20 persons have likewise been apprehended, and committed to prisons—The utmost consternation still (at eight o'clock p. m.) pervades the town, and every one dreads the result.

31.] Dutch papers to the 25th announce the abdication of the king of Spain, and elevation of Murat to his throne!

Such atrocious perfidy never yet found a parallel in the history of modern nations! The following extracts states the particulars:—

'HAGUE, MAY 25.

'The king of Spain has abdicated his kingdom, with all its dependencies, in favour of Bonaparte. The wretched Charles goes to Champaigne, with his queen and family, there to live as a private individual. The prince of Asturias retires in the same manner to Valency. The prince of the peace accompanies the king as his friend. There is but little doubt that the grand duke of Berg is now king of Spain. He has already issued a proclamation ordering a forced loan, in order to arm and equip all the vessels of Spain against Britain.'

*June* 2.] Our correspondent from Deal has transmitted to us, this morning, the following letter.—Certainly the late intelligence which we received from America, gave us no reason to expect that America would declare in our favour against France. At the same time we have long been convinced that there is no likelihood of any war between this country and the united states.

'DEAL, JUNE 1.—*Six p. m.*

'A boat is just landed from an American 20 gun ship, and I have only time to say, that they assert that the Americans have declared in favour of the English.—P. S. This is the report of the boatmen who came from the ship.'

MANCHESTER, MAY. 30.—Since Wednesday night last, the towns and neighbourhood of Manchester and Stafford have remained quiet, and business has been regularly pursued, and all property secure. The manufacturers of all classes and description purpose holding a meeting to-morrow, to take into consideration the necessity of a general advance of wages throughout the various branches in weaving of cotton goods in this part of the kingdom.

Yesterday I took a tour of 20 miles through the adjoining villages, on purpose to collect from the cotton weavers on the spot their distresses, and weekly earnings; I was informed, that the best hands by working at their looms fourteen hours a day could get but from 12s. to 18s. per week; the second rate from 9s. to 12s. and the third class from 7s. to 10s. all working the same number of hours.

Many of these people have a wife, and

from three to six children to support. I found in general through this few hours tour, that peace and satisfaction would generally reign amongst them, provided their industry were rewarded to answer the demands of nature, (belly and back) this is all they ask and look for. I have the pleasure to pronounce, that many of the wealthy manufacturers here have promised the weavers an advance in their employ, which will make their looms resound.

We hoped when we announced the restoration of tranquility at Manchester, that we should not soon have to record any similar movements in other places, especially as the manufacturers had agreed to advance the price of labour; but we learn, that on Monday last, the market day at Rochdale, (12 miles from Manchester) a great number of operative weavers assembled at the former place. A tumult ensued, several persons were taken into custody, and committed to the new prison. The mob did not, however, disperse, and when evening came, found means to set fire to the new prison, having first set the prisoners at liberty. This fine building, we are sorry to add, was burnt to the ground.

We have not been able to learn farther particulars; but we hope no other consequences would follow; for the manufacturers at Manchester had a meeting on Tuesday, to settle an advance in the price of weaving. The meeting was very numerously attended, and it was unanimously agreed to advance the wages, in two proportions: the first to take place yesterday, the other the first of August.

4] Yesterday some intelligence reached town from Spain, which confirms the account we some days ago laid before our readers, respecting the determination of the people of Seville to maintain their independence against the French. They have taken possession of the arsenals, in which there was an immense quantity of arms. The accounts from Cadiz, which came down to the 15th ult. are rather of a contradictory nature. Some of them say, that no event of importance had taken place in that city; while according to others, the patriots had got possession of the forts and the shipping in the harbour. The British troops did not sail from Gibraltar till the 14th ult. and it, as we have every reason to believe, they sailed in consequence of an arrangement between the British admiral and the Spanish governor, it is most probable that no measure of importance would be attempted at Cadiz until their arrival. The whole province of Arragon is stated to be in a situation of the greatest ferment. The duke del Infantado is believed to have indignantly rejected the proposition of going to Bayonne to humble himself at the feet of Bonaparte.—To him, some of the accounts look up as the patriot who is to deliver this country from the French yoke.—Would we could say that our expectations of such an event were as strong as our wishes?

Early yesterday, as one of the men in the employ of mr. Rhodes, the cow-keeper, was going to attend the cows in the field at the back of the queen's head and artichoke public-house, leading to Camden town, he found a man genteely dressed, who appeared to have been shot; he made the circumstance known, and the body was in a short time owned by the disconsolate widow of the deceased. He proved to be a mr. Jacobs, of Pratt place, Camden town, who had retired there, from business in London with a sufficient property to live upon. He left his home in the afternoon to visit mr. Moss, who resides in Cumberland-place, Lisson-green, and received some money. When he left mr. Moss, he said he was going to Salisbury-place, where he stopped to see some persons play at skittles till a late hour. About half after eleven o'clock, the landlord of the queen's-head and artichoke public-house, heard the report of a pistol and the cry of 'murder!' at which time it is supposed, mr. Jacobs was attacked by some robber or robbers, and he being a resolute man, had resisted their attack. In corroboration of this the stick that he had with him was found with large marks upon it as if it had given some violent blows. His watch is stolen, and it is supposed he had bank notes about him to the amount of one hundred pounds, which it is conjectured the villains had by some means got information of. Yesterday morning a surgeon opened the body, and found that a large bullet had entered the left side through the ninth and tenth ribs, and passed through the heart.

Extract of a letter from Manchester, June 5. 'Notwithstanding the general satisfaction that was expressed on Tuesday evening last by the weavers, in consequence of the liberal advance of wages offered by the great body of manufacturers, and contrary to all expectation, an amicable arrangement has not yet taken place. A demand of six shillings and eight pence in the pound increase has since been made by a party of the workmen; but many hundreds deem the offers already held out to be equitable, and wish to return to their employment. This, however, they are prevented from doing by the refractory and dissolute members of their trade, who have actually deprived the industrious and peaceable weavers of their shuttles.

'These poor deluded people, there is too much

much reaſon to believe, are made the dupes of deſigning men: every recent occurrence tends to confirm this opinion.

'The report mentioned in my laſt, of the priſon at Rochdale having been burnt, is but too true.—The mob, in order to releaſe ſome of their confederates, broke into and actually ſet fire to the building. Further miſchief would probably have been effected, had not a detachment of dragoons from Mancheſter, and the Halifax volunteers, arrived in time to prevent it. Several perſons are in cuſtody, charged with riotous proceedings, in Rochdale and its vicinity. At Oldham alſo ſome injury has been done to factories and dwellings, ſuch as breaking windows, &c.

'Soldiers are pouring into Mancheſter from all quarters, though the town is perfectly tranquil: three regiments, one of cavalry, and two of infantry, are expected in a day or two. I pity the publicans, who are likely to be ſevere ſufferers on this occaſion. During the celebration of his majeſty's birth-day yeſterday, on Ardwick Green, where the volunteer corps fired a *feu de joie*, a poſt chaiſe, having three priſoners in it from Aſhton-under-Line, and guarded by a party of Inniſkillen dragoons, paſſed into town, and proceeded to the New Bayley priſon. Some perſons were the ſame day brought to that priſon from Bury.

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## *AFFECTING NARRATIVE.*

'Memel, April 12, 1808, N. S.

'On Saturday, the 2d. inſtant N. S. at twelve o'clock at noon, we ſailed from Liebau, with a fair wind, and ice for about two verſts only, after which we got into clear water, and from that time ſaw no more ice. This fair wind continued for about 24 hours, and carried us within 40 Engliſh miles of Carliſcrona.

'When we came within 40 miles of Carliſcrona, the wind became direct weſt, and blew a gale: we were ſeveral times to the iſland of Oland, but could not land on account of the ice; but that would not have prevented our attempting it, had not the captain ſaid that there was no place for anchorage, nor was there a harbour; ſo we tacked about till the 6th, all the time the pumps going, and all hands bailing the ſhip: but we did not gain on the leak, and had always four or five feet water in the hold.

'On the 6th inſtant, at noon, colonel Pollen aſked the captain if he thought the ſhip could ſtand the ſea? He anſwered, that, '*it was impoſſible*:' whence it would appear, that had col. P. not put the queſtion, the ſhip muſt the next day have foundered with us all.

'Upon receiving that anſwer from the captain, col Pollen ordered him immediately to put back, and make the firſt port (this was Memel); and as it blew a gale, and the wind quite fair, we were ſure of reaching it early the next morning.—During the whole of the day and the night we were employed in clearing the ſhip of water, and prevented it exceeding five feet. At two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, we ſaw the coaſt, and at four Memel.

'When I came upon deck, we were cloſe to the bar; I had not been there five minutes, when the ſhip ſtruck with ſuch violence, that the ladies and children in the cabin, and the paſſengers in the hold, had juſt time to reach the deck, when the ſhip filled with water, and immediately after the rudder was knocked off.

'The women now took refuge in the ſailors cabin upon deck, where I alſo put the children.

'The ſea running dreadfully high, we were obliged to cut away the maſt, to prevent the ſhip upſetting; the boats were then cut looſe and launched, and lord Royſton, with four or five others, jumped into them but were upſet in a moment.

'I determined to take my chance with the women, and followed them, into the round-houſe, where I found eleven perſons: mrs. Pollen and three ſervants, mrs. Barnes, three children and maid, Pereyra, and Focke. All the reſt of our dear friends, except thoſe who were loſt by getting into the boats, were immediately waſhed overboard.

'Shortly after, the life-boat came alongſide, and found the captain and three ſailors upon the bowſprit, who telling the captain of the life boat that every one elſe was waſhed overboard, it put off, leaving us twelve in the roundhouſe, in water up to the middle.

'There was only one dry bed-place, into which we put the children, but mr. Focke prayed for God's ſake we would put him in too, as he could not endure the cold. Mr. Pereyra ſat upon a cheſt, and had mrs. Pollen on his knees; mrs. Barnes ſat on another cheſt, with her little one at her breaſt, the water covering the cheſts.

'In order to ſhew the people on ſhore that there were ſtill living people on board, it was neceſſary for ſome of us to ſhew ourſelves occaſionally. Mrs. Pollen's two ſervants, Anthony and Hearn, and myſelf, were the only three who would venture out, and one of us did ſo every quarter of an hour. During the day the life-boat made four or five attempts to relieve us,

but could not come near, on account of the tremendous ſea. That night we all went to prayers, forgave our enemies, and reſigned ourſelves to the Almighty. Next morning, at nine o'clock, Anthony, who was out, gave notice that the life-boat was at the bowſprit. I went out with mrs. Pollen and the youngeſt child; mrs. P. with great difficulty reached the life-boat, was twice knocked down by the ſea, with the child in one arm, but ſucceeded in holding faſt with the other. Finding however, my ſtrength failing me, I gave the child to Ann (mrs. B's maid) deſiring her to remain where ſhe was, till I could ſend one of the men from the boat to take the child. Whether ſhe attempted to follow me or not I cannot ſay, but juſt as I threw myſelf into the boat, the ſailors called out that the woman with the child and a man were waſhed overboard; this man was Hearn, and mrs. Pollen's ſervant.

'When we reached the ſhore, I told the people there were ſtill four living perſons on board, viz. mrs. Barnes, her two children, and the third ſervant of mrs. Pollen. They were with difficulty perſuaded to return, and ſucceeded in ſaving them.—Mrs. Barnes is laid up, having had her feet frozen. Mrs. Pollen is tolerable, but, as you can imagine, very low. We were upwards of 40 hours without meat or drink, and muſt have all periſhed had we remained ſix hours longer.

'I have loſt every thing belonging to me and there is little hope of my recovering any thing, as the ſhip is gone to pieces. Mrs. Barnes ſaved only a ſmall trunk of the children's linen. The hoſpitality and attention we poor ſurvivors meet with at this place, are beyond expreſſion. Mr. Fouke had died during the night, from cold, in the little bed place before deſcribed; the body is now on ſhore, and is to be buried to-morrow, according to the directions he gave me about half an hour before his death. Mr. Pereyra is not expected to ſurvive this day.

LOST—Lord Royſton, and man ſervant; colonel Pollen, and one man ſervant; mrs. Barnes's man ſervant, maid ſervant, and young child; mr. Halliday's ſervant, Thomas D. Bayley; mr. Becher;* mr. Renney; M. Fouke, died on board; and mr. Pereyra, ſince died on ſhore.

ALIVE—Mrs. Barnes, and two children; mrs. Pollen, and two ſervants; mr. Halliday, captain, and three ſailors.

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DUBLIN, *June* 2.

*AN* excavation for a main ſewer and water pipes, has been made in Capel-ſtreet, of ſo large a ſpace, as entirely to cut off all paſſage except by foot paſſengers, between Eſſex-bridge and Strand ſtreet; the plan is under the direction of the commiſſioners of wide ſtreets, and from the appearance it preſents, would ſeem to be of magnitude; it is however oppoſed by the inhabitants of that place, as well as by ſome members of the corporation of the city of Dublin, we believe the pipe water committee in particular, and upon this ſubject a poſt aſſembly was called, and met at the exhibition houſe on Friday laſt, at which time, however, they came to nothing deciſive.

The repairs which are now carrying on for the beautifying of Eſſex-bridge, are ample, neat and elegant; an handſome light cornice, interſperſed with modillons, has been erected almoſt acroſs one half of the weſtern ſide of the bridge, over which will be a light baluſtrade; the heavy niches which were upon the bridge at either ſide, are to be taken down, and the whole will, form an appearance, highly ornamental to that part of the city of Dublin.

The entrance to the military-road leading from Bloody-bridge to the royal hoſpital, has been changed and is now in continuation of the line of Uſher's iſland; the road and the enclоſing walls at either ſide have been finiſhed; but the edifice intended to be built as an ornamental gate is not yet erected.

4.] This being the anniverſary of the birth of our ſovereign, who on this day enters into the 71ſt year of his age, will be obſerved throughout the empire with all the zeal which the moſt affectionate loyalty of the millions bleſſed by his government can inſpire.

Several villians went to the cabin of Thady Curtin, near Newcaſtle Race-courſe, ſet fire thereto, and ſeverely flogged the unfortunate man; the cauſe aſſigned for this outrage is, his having been declared tenant to the ſmall farm on which he lived in preference to the former tenant.

Seldom has a chief governor of Ireland been ſo univerſally beloved and reſpected by all ranks of people as he who repreſents majeſty amongſt us; individuals and public bodies contend for opportunities of manifeſting the eſteem and good opinion they entertain of his grace.—On Wedneſday morning laſt the governors of the bank of Ireland entertained the duke, his amiable ducheſs, their family, and ſuite, at a breakfaſt in the new bank; which at once diſplayed the opulence, the taſte, and liberality of that corporation: and on the ſame day the grand juries of the city and of the county, who in the preceding term had

NOTE.

* Mr. Becher was taken from the wreck, but died a few hours after he was landed.

had under an act of parliament ſat together and determined to erect a magnificent bridge oppoſite the four courts, which in honour of the duke, and to perpetuate his memory in Dublin, they ordered to be called 'Richmond bridge,' gave a grand entertainment at the Rotunda, to celebrate the nomination.

To this entertainment were invited his grace the duke of Richmond and ſuite, the lord high chancellor, the earls of Meath, and Charlemont, the lord mayor, the four judges of the king's bench, ſir Edward Littlehales, mr. Trail, the attorney and ſolicitor generals, colonel Alexander, alderman Pemberton, the two high ſheriffs, ſir John Ferns, mr. Philipps, mr. Spray, and ſeveral other gentlemen, who with the grand juries made a company of near eighty perſons.

At eight o'clock in the evening dinner was ſerved, three courſes and a *deſſert*—which did credit to the provider. Every thing the ſeaſon could afford was ſpread in the utmoſt abundance, which with a profuſion of champaigne, burgandy, hock, claret, and all other rich and delicate wines, long protracted the feſtivity of the meeting. The toaſts were :—

The KING ;—May God Almighty for ever bleſs him ; three times three. Muſic, 'God ſave the King.'

The queen and royal family.

The duke of York and the army.

The illuſtrious gueſt, the duke of Richmond ; three times three.

The ducheſs of Richmond.

The houſe of Lennox ; long may it flouriſh.

The lord high chancellor.

The noble and honourable viſitors.

The glorious memory ; three times three with enthuſiaſm.

Mr. Cope, one of the city grand jury, gave 'Succeſs to the undertaking,' (the bridge) which brought the two juries together, and long may its name (Richmond,) be remembered with gratitude in Ireland.' His grace then aroſe and returned thanks for the reſpect and kindneſs which the grand juries had expreſſed, and which he felt as moſt honourable to him ; he aſſured them that he conſidered this undertaking as likely to be highly advantageous, and greatly ornamental to the city, and on that principle only he wiſhed to promote it, however gratified he might feel by having it named after him—This ſhort ſpeech was received with great applauſe ; and again a bumper was drank, 'Perpetuity and honour to the name of Richmond.'

Several ſongs were ſung by ſir John Ferns and mr. Grierſon, and duets by mr. Spray, and mr. Philipps ; the evening was ſpent in great harmony, and at an early hour on Thurſday morning the duke and his ſuite retired, though the reſt of the company ſtill remained in great feſtivity.

7.] On Saturday laſt, in honour of his majeſty's birth day, there was a grand review of the regulars and yeomanry of the city and county, in the Phœnix-park. The day was uncommonly fine and favourable for a military ſpectacle.—About two o'clock the troops were on their alignment, when his grace the duke of Richmond, dreſſed in a ſplendid general's uniform, ſuperbly mounted, attended by a numerous ſtaff, &c. entered the ground. His grace was ſaluted by a diſcharge of 21 guns, and a grand ſalute of preſented arms from the whole line, the extent of which muſt have exceeded a mile. His grace accompanied by the ducheſs, paſſed the entire line, ſaluted by each regiment. On his grace's paſſing the line, he took his ſtation near the centre as poſſible, when there were three rounds of 21 guns each fired by the artillery, and in the interval of each round a feu de joie by the whole line, which had a moſt admirable effect ; after which the whole line cheered, and then broke into open columns, and paſſed in ordinary time. When the troops took up their former ground, his excellency uncovered, advanced to the centre, received a ſalute from the whole, and retired with a ſalute of 21 guns. —The cavalry formed in the rear of the infantry, and the yeomanry on the left. lords Meath and Charlemont, at the head of their reſpective corps, and the merchants' cavalry, captain Geale, muſtered very reſpectably, and looked extremely well.

Her grace the ducheſs of Richmond appeared in the Windſor uniform, accompanied by lady E. Littlehales, and her grace's eldeſt daughter, lady Mary Lennox. They were in a new ſuperb landau, drawn by ſix beautiful cheſnut horſes. Immediately following was another carriage, drawn by ſix fine bays, in which were her grace's five younger daughters, who appeared highly delighted with the ſcene ; a vaſt train of carriages followed.

After the review her grace, attended by a ſquadron of horſe, proceeded from the field to the caſtle, to hear the ode, in honour of his majeſty's birth day.—The levee was attended by all the principal nobility, the lord chancellor, lord mayor, the judges, and great officers of ſtate.—Their graces entertained at dinner, at the vice regal lodge, all the generals, field and ſtaff officers, with many of the nobility and perſons of diſtinction.

9.] His majeſty has been pleaſed to grant his patent for three additional fellowſhips of trinity college, to be added to the number

ber of the juniors, which the board have resolved to fill up individually, by one every year in which there is no vacancy. The examination commenced yesterday.—The candidates upon the present occasion are messrs. Elrington, Hare, Gannon, O'Donel and Whitley.

Extract of a letter from Guernsey, June 3. 'This day was executed, pursuant to his sentence, Robert Willson, alias James Wood, a private in the royal York rangers. On Sunday, the 15th of May, he entered the house of Michael Perrin in the vale parish, with an intention to plunder; meeting a defenceless woman of 75 years of age, piously engaged in devotions suitable to the sabbath, he, in the most deliberate manner, cut her throat with a razor, and nearly severed her head from the body. The hipocrisy and deception on this miscreant could only be excelled by the horrid crime for which he so justly suffered.—Immediately after his apprehension, he requested the assistance of a clergyman, and intended, by his apparent contrition, to relax the vigilance of his keepers. But on the evening previous to his execution, having lost all hope of effecting his escape, he became outrageous, and would have destroyed even the ministers who came to instruct and console him. Venting his fury in terms too shocking to relate, he went to the scaffold, despising every religious admonition, and laughing at his awful situation; fearless and undismayed, he was launched into eternity; bidding defiance to human laws, and condemning that divine tribunal, before which he was about to appear, with accumulated guilt of a life spent in the perpetration of every species of wickedness. He had been sentenced to death in England, but having obtained his majesty's pardon, he was removed from the hulks into the Royal York rangers. He was concerned with the notorious Abershaw, who he called his father, and repeatedly expressed his determination to die *game*, as resolute, as his other associates in villany and murder.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the 92d Regiment, to his father in Aberdeen, dated Gottenburgh harbour, May 23.—'We are still in the dark respecting our future operations. Norway is reported as the point of attack, which would enable Sweden to act with force against Russia in Finland. The quarter-master-general who came out in the Victory, and has been with the king of Sweden at Stockholm, returned yesterday, and we were in hopes of being sent to our destination. The unfortunate fall of Sweaburg seems to have deranged our plans a little. The general who commanded the fortress gave it up to the Russians for fifteen thousand pounds. Colonel Murray sailed last night for England, to receive fresh instructions from government. I pity the king of Sweden. Many of his nobility are of French principles.

18.] Extract of a letter from a lady in Madrid to her brother in this city, dated May 5.—'Words cannot describe the horror with which we have been surrounded since the first of this month; the approaching storm was expected, but on the 2d, immediately after breakfast, it broke out in the most furious manner. Our friend T. had provided a retreat at his country house about six miles distant, to which we were to remove that very evening, but the storm overtook us and stopped our journey; the thunder of the artillery announced the beginning of the business, and in a few minutes after, the whole male population of the city appeared in arms; wherever a French soldier was discovered he was instantly cut down or shot; six of them were put to death under our windows, the scene was dreadful beyond description; after two or three hours carnage, particularly in our great street Alcala, a reinforcement of Frenchmen poured into the town, and in their turn became the assailants; our doors were burst open by the defeated populace, and seven or eight of the inhabitants took refuge under the couches, and in different parts of the house; but the French soldiers followed them, and in my presence they most unmercifully bayonetted those who had first entered the room, where I and my children sat shivering with horror. The presence of a young French officer protected us, and he had the humanity to continue in the house the entire of this fatal day, to which I owe the lives of myself and children. All night the inhabitants were forced to illuminate their windows, and 15 dreadful looking fellows took possession of the lower part of the house; they soon broke open the cellars which they plundered, nor could the presence of the friendly officer I have mentioned prevent them.—The following morning was indeed a scene of horror.—Almost every person that passed the streets were stained with blood, and the dead bodies lay in heaps, it was reported, and I believe with some truth, that Murat, the French general, intended to erect some works outside the town to batter it to the ground, in revenge for the lives of his soldiers. This however, he abandoned. The next day, when the tumult had a little subsided. T. and I got some articles of plate, and the books of the house, and through the intercession of our French friend, were suffered to remove to his residence at Ombra, where we now are with the children.—You shall hear from me by the first possible conveyance—the chance I have of sending

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ing this to Liſbon is but ſmall, but it may poſſibly reach you.'

23.] The 24th of July next is the appointment by the new police bill for the election of the magiſtrates that are to act under it; the board of aldermen are required by it, upon that day, to return the names of nine of their body to the common council, together with the names of nine ſheriff's peers or other members of the corporation, from which are to be elected the ſix police magiſtrates, three of whom muſt be aldermen.—No barriſter by the bill is eligible to be a magiſtrate that is not of ſix years ſtanding.

25.] Mr. Jones having finally ſettled with mr. Sheridan for a ſhare of Drury-lane theatre, left London on Tueſday morning for Dublin. Mr. T. Sheridan, and mr. Jones, are to be joint managers, and the theatre will commence next ſeaſon with increaſed ſplendour and magnificence.

## PRINCE OF WALES.

We have endeavoured, in various ways, to call the attention of the public to the perilous criſis at which the country is arrived; and the dangers by which it is ſurrounded—dangers, it may be feared, every day increaſing, as the means of repelling them are gradually and not inſenſibly, wearing away; and the diſpoſition to protract the conteſt by which we mantain our independence, may at laſt ſink, even in the moſt reſolute boſoms, under unremitted exhauſtion and inceſſant fatigue. Indeed the ſituation of the country is ſaid to have made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon the mind of one, whoſe rank and ſtation both give him a tenfold intereſt in its welfare, and afford him the moſt enlarged opportunities of conducing to it, that he has voluntarily retired from his uſual amuſements of the turf, and even parted with all the expenſive objects of them; in which, if the report is true, he has not only given his countrymen a teſtimony of his virtue, that will not be forgotten when the danger arrives; but has likewiſe exhibitted a proof of his judgment in the exerciſe of that peculiar quality, which the times more imperiouſly demand. The unoſtentatious ſilence with which this act has been performed by the heir apparent, is as commendable as the retrenchment itſelf; nor ſhould we have given it this publicity, but that we think, more of good will accrue to the country by the beneſit of the example, than his royal highneſs can derive, of ſelf-approving pleaſure from the modeſt ſtealth with which it has been performed. Economy, but more eſpecially in public expenditure, ſeems at preſent to conſtitute the very tenure by which we are to hold our exiſtence as a free ſtate. Private profuſion changes the current of wealth, in the natural and approved manner; it conſigns that to activity, or to prudence, which has been ſquandered by vice and folly; but national extravagance (and we would wiſh the houſe of commons, and its new-modelled committee of finance, to attend to this,) inverts the right order of things; it robs the induſtrious, to feed the indolen; and pillages even diſtreſs, to pamper luxury.

It's a known fact, that the principal of a reſpectable boarding-ſchool, not many miles diſtant from this metropolis, a native of England, and a miniſter of the eſtabliſhed church, abſconded, for having been diſcovered in acts which diſgrace human nature with ſeveral of the pupils.—It is earneſtly hoped that parents and guardians will benefit by this inſtance of worſe than depravity, and not place ſo ineſtimable a charge as the care of youth, in any man, however ſpacious, with whoſe moral character they are unacquainted.

Contrary to the general opinion, the ball that was on St. Patrick's ſpire proved to be a ſolid ball of ſtone inſtead of copper. Its magnitude was ſuppoſed to be much greater than it proved to be after its fall, being about the ſize of a middling pot for boiling meat. It is not intended to put up the ſame again, but to have a vane or weather cock on the top, with an ornament at the bottom ſomewhat reſembling a bee-hive. All the ſtages of ſcaffolding being now finiſhed, from the bottom to the ſummit of the ſpire, the dilapidation of the broken part, and the rebuilding it, will be very ſhortly completed.

Very large exports of oats are taking place each week, eſpecially to Glaſgow in Scotland; each entry amounts to nearly 700 barrels. This, no doubt, keeps that ſpecies of grain at its preſent high rates per barrel, and conſequently raiſes the price of oatmeal per hundred weight.

Bonfires on St. John's eve, were originally kept up as a commemoration of deſtroying the power of the Danes in this country, as fires had been lighted up on the tops of hills on the 23d of June, as ſignals to the Iriſh to commence their attack on thoſe foreign invaders. The cauſe, however, in the lapſe of centuries, has been forgotten, and now they are lighted in honour of the ſaint.

## BIRTH.

AT Belfaſt, the lady of captain Spread, of the royal Limerick county regiment of militia, of a ſon and heir.

MARRIAGES.

## MARRIAGES.

Captain Graham, of the 71ſt regiment, to miſs Perſſe.—At Cork, P. Cuſſen, eſq. to miſs Ellen Jervoiſe.—At Kilkenny, captain William Digby, of the Roſcommon militia, to miſs F. Way.—At Belfaſt, William Clark, to miſs Pollock.—At Hillſborough, mr. Jas. Connor, to miſs E. Lockhart.—At Cork, Nicholas Vincent, eſq. to miſs Edwards.—Mr. John Oakes, to Miſs Elinor Boyle.—At Tralee caſtle, Thomas Collis, eſq. of Barrow, to miſs Diana Denny, fifth daughter of the late ſir Barry Denny, bart.—At Ardfert Abbey, county of Kerry, James Hilliard, eſq. of Ballyhorgan, to miſs M. Twiſs, eſq. of Anna.—At Ballyroe, in the co. of Limerick, Patrick Hifferman, of Liſkennett, eſq. to miſs Naiſh, ſiſter to the late Carroll Naiſh, of Ballycullen, eſq.——Mr. Richard Bell, of Ballyclare, to miſs Ann Langtry, daughter of George Langtry, eſq. of Rich hill.—Frederick Benſon, of this city, eſq. to miſs Patterſon, daughter of the late William Patterſon, eſq. M. D.—Thomas Goſlin, of Portarlington, Queen's co. eſq. to miſs Tatlow, daughter of John Tatlow, of Crover, county of Cavan, eſq.—At Cork, John Smith, eſq. of Rathcourſey, to miſs E. Touhy.—Robert Banfield, eſq. of Clonmell, to miſs Fitzgerald, daughter of the late rev. R. Fitzgerald.—Richard Floyd, jun. eſq. of Ennis, to miſs Thynne, daughter of Henry Thynne, of Ballynagrave, eſq.—At Wilton, in the county of Kilkenny, the ſeat of her uncle, William Butler, eſq. Iſaac Coates, eſq. barriſter at law to miſs Hume.—At Garden-hill, near Belfaſt, Thomas Burden Fellowes, eſq. lieutenant in his majeſty's navy, to miſs Nicholſon of ſaid place.—Mr. David M'Clelland, to miſs Larmour, of Belfaſt.—Henry M'Veagh, eſq. of Lurgan, to miſs Mary Chrichton, of Auchinſkeouch, Scotland.—At Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, Richard G. Meares, eſq. of Milgrove, county Roſcommon, to miſs Seymour, only daughter of the late W. Seymour, eſq.—Wm. Quirk, eſq. of this city, merchant, to miſs Ann Ryan, daughter of mr. James Ryan, of the city of Limerick.—At Waterford, Edmond Skottoe, eſq. to miſs M. Smith, third daughter of the late Wm. Smith, eſq.—At Currane, county of Tipperary, R. O'Shaughneſſy, eſq. of Rockſtown, to miſs Kennedy, daughter of Hugh Kennedy, eſq. of ſaid place.—Mr. William Alley, to miſs Ellen Lake, both of Limerick.—At Greenock, Henry Dundas Beatſon, commander of the Melville Caſtle revenue cruizer, to Margaret Stewart, ſecond daughter of Roger Stewart, eſq. merchant in Belfaſt.—Samuel Auſten, of Mountjoy ſquare, eſq. to miſs Eliza Houghton, youngeſt daughter of the late Henry Thomas Houghton, of Kilmanock, county Wexford, eſq.—Mr. M. F. Collyer, to miſs Macarthy, of North King-ſtreet.—At Aſhfield, county Galway, William Butler, jun eſq. of Bunnahow, to miſs Foſter, daughter of the late Robert Foſter, eſq. of ſaid place.

## DEATHS.

AT Tumlytown, county of Meath, moſt ſincerely and deſervedly lamented by all who had the happineſs of his acquaintance, mr. Richard Carroll; his death was occaſioned by a fall from his horſe when out hunting; his foot faſtened in the ſtirrup, and he was dragged a conſiderable diſtance on the ground—he received ſo much injury that he expired in a few hours: his loſs is ſeverely felt by a number of perſons to whom he gave employment, and by the poor, to whom he was charitable. He was a huſband to the widow, and a father to the orphan; a chearful benefactor to all charitable inſtitutions, and had he lived this ſummer would have ſupported numbers of diſtreſſed poor. He has left a conſiderable property which he has realized with the faireſt character; nor could there be a higher teſt given of the reputation he was held in, than by the attendance, at his funeral of a vaſt concourſe of the moſt reſpectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and hundreds of the lower claſs—he has left numbers of Relations to deplore his loſs.—At Vienna, the hon. John Theophilus

philus Rawdon, brother to the earl of Moira.—Rev. Joſeph Elwood, many years vicar of Rathcoole—At Bridgetown, near Caſtletown Roche, mrs. Quene.—Mr. James Crozier, of Ballymanally, aged 65.—At Hartlebury caſtle, aged 88, the right rev. Richard Hurd, D. D. lord biſhop of Worceſter.—Charles Ward, eſq. laſt one of the directors of the bank of Ireland.—At Liſmacue, co. Tipperary, William Baker. eſq.—Robert. Gemmil, merchant, of Belfaſt, in the 64th year of his age, in conſequence of a fall at the quay.—In Stafford-ſtreet, a few days ſince, Matthew Fox, of Dooliestown, county Meath, eſq. aged 65.—At the hot-wells, Briſtol, miſs Troke, late of Abbey-ſtreet.—In the 16th year of her age after a tedious illneſs, miſs Maria M'Murran, of Belfaſt.—Mr. James Browne, of Larne, aged 21 years.—At Liſtoweli, mr. P. Stack, of Cork, butter-merchant—Mr. R. Sparkes, of the cuſtom-houſe, late of the theatre-royal—In Rathdowney, Queen's co. John M. Prior, eſq. a captain in the North Cork militia; he had ſerved as an officer in his majeſty's 63d regiment of foot in the late American war, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in many actions—At Mallow, where he went for the benefit of his health, Hampton J. Carroll, eſq. attorney.——Mortimer M'Mahon, of Clonina, county of Clare, eſq.—Mr. Patrick Camack, of the bank of meſſrs. Shaw and co.—Mrs. Swift, the daughter of Owen Daly, eſq. and wife of Edmund Swift, eſq. barriſter at law.—At his ſeat at Cool-Daniel, county of Cork, to the inconſolable grief of his wife and large family, Richard Barter, eſq.—William Gulton Proſſer, eſq. of Ballyfermot caſtle.—Suddenly, at Waterford, mr. R. Mills, printer.—At Cromwell's-buſh, county Meath, the wife of Edward Gargan, eſq.—At his ſeat, New-Garden, county Galway, Daniel Hunt, eſq.—In Mallow, B. Buſhell, eſq. of Limerick, merchant.—In Tralee, T. Chute, eſq.—At Quebec, the hon. Henry Alcock, chief juſtice of Lower Canada.—At Llanvon, near Aberyſtwith, Jeremiah Davies, the Welſh dwarf, aged 58, meaſuring only 46 inches in height; his perſon was the perfection of ſymmetry, rarely found in a dwarf.—At the cuſtom-houſe Wexford, James Boyd, eſq. for many years collector of that port. It is not ſurpriſing that his deceaſe has cauſed univerſal and poignant regret. In his manners, he was frank and conciliating; in his diſpoſition, benevolent and humane: in his friendſhips, warm, generous and ſincere; in his official ſituation, the faithful performance of his duty was rendered compatible with tendereſt offices of moderation and indulgence. In private life, his character was, if poſſible, ſtill more exalted: He was the fondeſt father—the moſt affectionate huſband; and the awfulneſs of parental and conjugal ſuperiority, was loſt in the more amiable and endearing relations of confidant and friend. Throughout the continuation of a lingering and painful illneſs, each day but added to his fortitude and ſerenity; and theſe qualities ſhone even with brighter luſtre at this awful moment, when the curtain of this world is about to drop; when the vale of eternity is ready to open; and the ſurvivors of departing worth, feel that its value can only be duly appreciated by its loſs.—In Whitehall, at a very advanced age, right hon. earl of Fife,—At Clonakilty, county Cork, in the prime of life, Townſend Beamiſh, eſq.—In Athlone, mrs. Harriſon, wife of Thomas Harriſon, eſq.—Eland Moſſom, eſq. many years a repreſentative in the Iriſh parliament for the city of Kilkenny, and borough of St. Canice.—In Gordon's-lane, Portobello, mr. John O'Brien, attorney.—At Brien's-town, county of Wexford, Patrick Sweetman, eſq.—At Scaville, near Sligo, William Gillmor, eſq univerſally lamented by a reſpectable and numerous acquaintance—At Cerratow, county Meath, mrs. Charleton, wife of John Charleton eſq.

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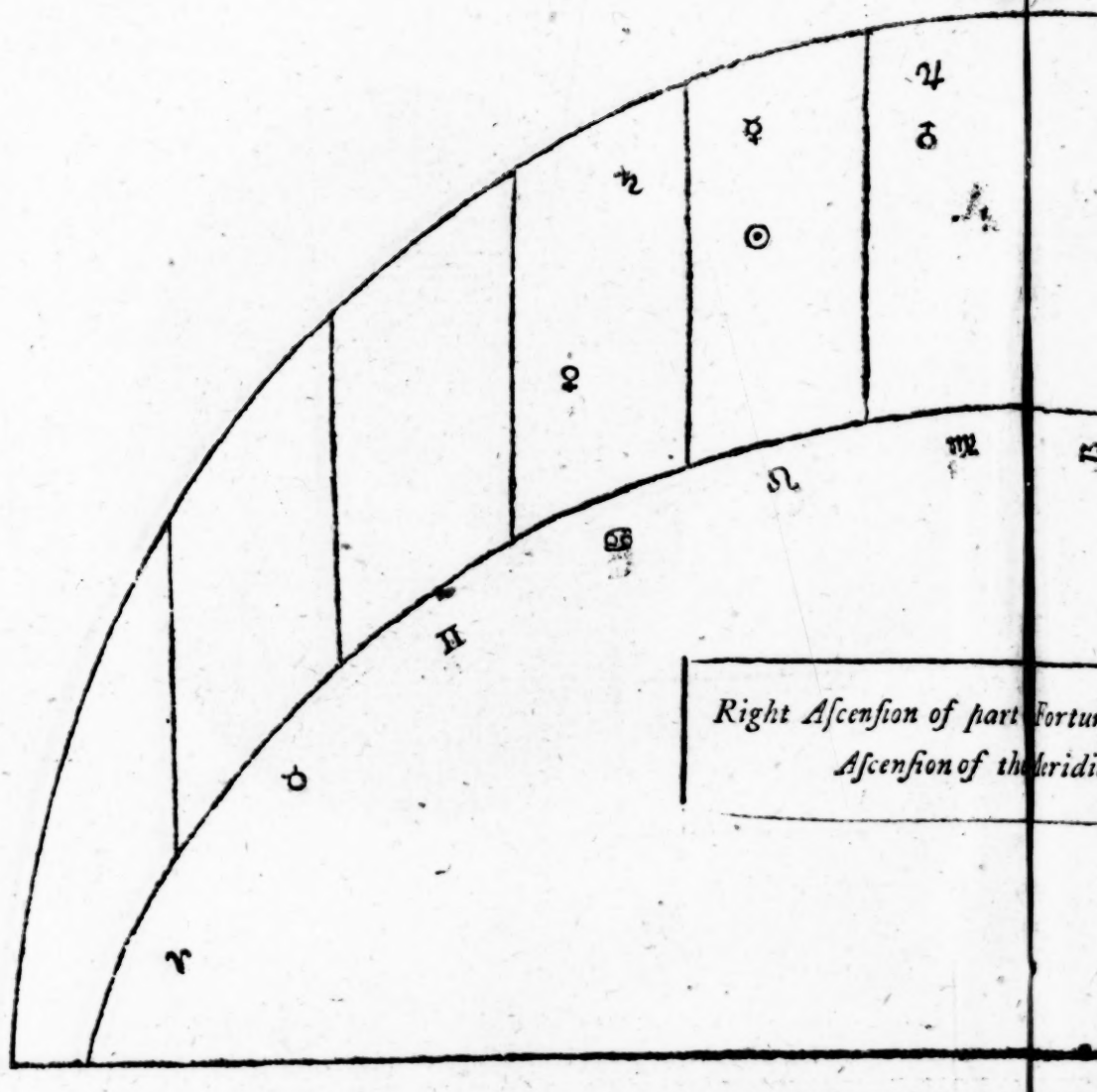


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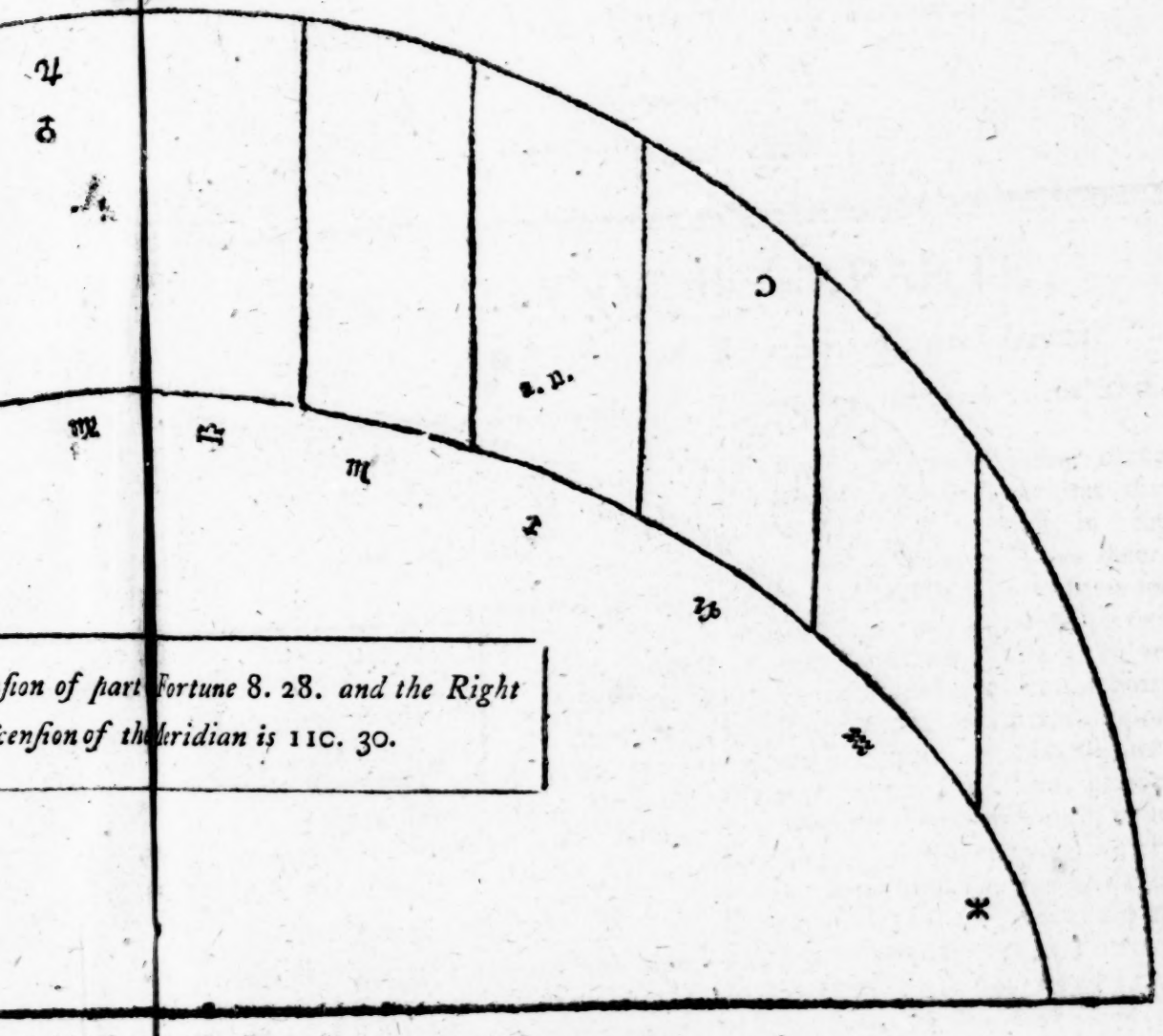

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